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Mrs. Gavin H. Green

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Canadian National Series of School Books.

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# THREE-PART SONGS.

FOR THE USE OF

THE PUPILS OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF CANADA.

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY

HENRY FRANCIS SEFTON,

TEACHER OF MUSIC IN THE NORMAL AND MODEL SCHOOLS OF ONTARIO.

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Authorized by the Council of Public Instruction of Ontario.



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1869.

*Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Sixty-eight, by the REVEREND EGERTON RYERSON, LL.D., Chief-Superintendent of Education for Ontario, in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.*

## PREFACE.

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THE chief object that has been regarded in the preparation of this little volume, has been to supply a want that has been long felt of a carefully arranged selection of Part-Songs, suitable to the circumstances of the children that usually attend the Public Schools. The tunes have been selected from the National Melodies of the British Isles: to these are added a few Canadian compositions, both the words and music being original, and the remainder are derived from foreign sources. Great care has been taken in the selection of the poetry, with a view not only to engaging the interest of the pupils, but also to producing a salutary effect on their principles and habits.

Another object that has been regarded in the preparation of this book, has been its adaptation for use as the medium of Practical illustration for the "Teacher's Manual of Vocal Music," a work at present in progress, in which it is intended to explain the Theory.

The Appendix contains a few pieces selected for the especial use of Teachers, as it was believed such an addition might be acceptable on occasions of School Concerts, &c., and would be useful in fostering a taste for the study of the works of the great masters.

## HINTS TO TEACHERS.

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EVERY Part-Song in this book is available as a Solo, Duet, or Trio. When the children are able to sing *melody only*, the first or top part may be *used alone*; where greater proficiency exists, the first and second parts may be sung as Duets; or the third part may be added by the male Teacher.

The teaching of a tune should invariably be accompanied by the *beating of its time*. Three modes of beating are sufficient for every description of time. The *down-up* beats represent all *equal* or *simple common times*,  $\frac{2}{4}$   $\frac{4}{4}$  or  $\text{C}$  &c.; as also their compounds,  $6 \div 2$ , as  $\frac{6}{4}$   $\frac{6}{8}$  &c., although, frequently, four beats, *down-left-right-up*, are more convenient for  $\frac{4}{4}$  or  $\text{C}$  time; *three beats, down-right-up*, are equal to all simple triple times, as  $\frac{3}{2}$   $\frac{3}{4}$   $\frac{3}{8}$  &c., or their compounds,  $9 \div 3$ , as  $\frac{9}{4}$   $\frac{9}{8}$  &c.

Avoid a slow, dragging style of singing. It is better to err in the opposite direction.

*Strictly observe the correct accent, both in the words and in the music.*

By playing the *bottom parts* of the Harmonies *an octave lower* than they are written, the arrangement will be correct for the Pianoforte or the Harmonium.

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# THREE-PART SONGS.

## WE WILL NOT TALK OF OLD TIMES.

*Allto.* *f*

We will not talk of old times, When we were blithe and

gay, And met to hear the even - ing chimes, And laugh the hours a -

*p* way. Old times we al - ways mourn, But mourn their loss in vain, Old

*ff* times, old times, whi - ther, whi - ther are ye gone? Ne'er to come a - gain.

But we will talk of new times,  
 Times present and to come;  
 Of happy hours in sunny bowers,  
 And joyful days at home.  
 The present let's enjoy,  
 Though we regret the past;  
 New times, new times, cheerfully the  
 minutes fly,  
 May they always last.

Some e'en complain of hard times,  
 And never are at ease;  
 With such you reason all in vain,  
 In vain you try to please.  
 All times we may enjoy,  
 If we are so inclined;  
 All times, all times, pleasantly the  
 minutes fly,  
 To an equal mind.

# A WINTER SCHOOL SONG.

*Allegro. f*

Cold the blast may blow,  
Cold the blast may blow. Heap - ing high the

Cold ! Cold !

*p*

snow, Winds may loud - ly roar,  
Heap - ing high the snow, Winds may loud - ly roar, may

*p*

Cold ! Cold ! winds may roar, winds may loud - ly

*p*

loud - ly roar ; Trees all brown and bare, Sad may wave in

*cres. .... f mf*

air, Deck'd with leaves no more, Deck'd with leaves no more.

Spirits firm and bold  
Fear not storms or cold,  
Fear not ice or snow ;  
Fiercely through the gale  
Drift the snow and hail,  
Hearts may warmly glow.

When in school we meet,  
Looks of welcome greet,  
Sent from smiling eyes ;  
When our teacher dear  
Gives us words of cheer,  
Sent from smiling eyes.

Come, then, rain or hail !  
Come, then, storm or gale !  
Glad to school we 'll go ;  
Spirits firm and bold  
Shrink not from the cold,  
Fear not ice or snow.

# PROVIDENCE.

*Andante grazioso.*

H. F. S.

He who made the stars on high, Rules su-preme o'er earth and sky;

Child of dust! your hom-age bring, And grate-ful prais-es sing.

He who marks a sparrow's fall,  
Looks with tenderness on all;  
Child of woe! then cease to weep,  
His mercy cannot sleep.

Though our *life* is but a span,  
Endless is the *soul* of man;  
Child of hope! then look above,  
And trust a God of love.

## REST.

Mists are ris-ing slow-ly, Earth her in-crease yields;

Si-lence calm and ho-ly, Reigns o'er woods and fields.

But while all is sleeping,  
Still the brook flows on;  
Onward wildly sweeping,  
Goes that restless one.

Him the rustling willow  
Cannot soothe to rest;  
He must seek a pillow  
On the ocean's breast.

So when we have striven  
On and on through life,  
We may find in heaven,  
Rest from that long strife.

# OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

*Andantino, mf*

Oft in the stilly night, Ere slum-ber's chain has bound me,

Fond mem-ry brings the light Of o-ther days a-round me; The smiles, the tears of

childhood's years, The words of love then spok-en, The eyes that shone now dimm'd and gone, The

cheer ful hearts now brok - en. Thus in the still - ly night, Ere slum-ber's chain has

bound me, Sad mem - ry brings the light Of o - ther days a - round me.



# OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT—continued.

When I remember all  
The friends so link'd together,  
I've seen around me fall  
Like leaves in wintry weather ;  
I feel like one who treads alone  
Some banquet-hall deserted,

Whose lights are fled, whose garlands  
And all but me departed ; [dead,  
Thus in the stilly night,  
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
Sad mem'ry brings the light  
Of other days around me.

## EVENING.

*Allegretto. mf*

4 or 2 or C

Lit - tle girl, it is time to re - tire to your rest ; The

*pp* *mf*

sheep are put in - to the fold ; The lin - net for - sakes us, and

*p*

flies to her nest, To shel - ter her young from the cold.

The owl has flown out of his lonely retreat,  
And screams through the tall shady trees ;  
The nightingale takes on the hawthorn her seat,  
And sings to the soft dying breeze.

The sun appears now to have finish'd his race,  
And sinks once again to its rest ;  
But though we no longer can see his bright face,  
He leaves a gold streak in the west.

Little girl (boy), have you finish'd your daily employ,  
With industry, patience, and care ?  
If so, lay your head on your pillow with joy,  
And sleep away peacefully there.

The morn through your curtains shall cheerfully peep,  
Her silver beams rest on your eyes ;  
And mild evening breezes shall fan you to sleep,  
Till bright morning bids you arise.

# HURRAH FOR CANADA.

*Majestically.*

H. F. S.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 4/4 or 2/2 or C. It contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a repeat sign. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics 'Hur - rah! hur - rah! for Can - a - da, Her woods and val - leys' are written below the staves.

Hur - rah! hur - rah! for Can - a - da, Her woods and val - leys

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The top staff features a melodic line with some chromaticism, and the bottom staff provides a steady bass line. The lyrics 'green; Hur - rah for dear old Eng - land! Hur - rah for Eng - land's' are positioned below the staves.

green; Hur - rah for dear old Eng - land! Hur - rah for Eng - land's

The third system of music shows the continuation of the song. The melody in the top staff moves through various intervals, while the bass line in the bottom staff remains consistent. The lyrics 'Queen! Hur - rah for dear old Eng - land! Hur - rah for Eng - land's' are written below the staves.

Queen! Hur - rah for dear old Eng - land! Hur - rah for Eng - land's

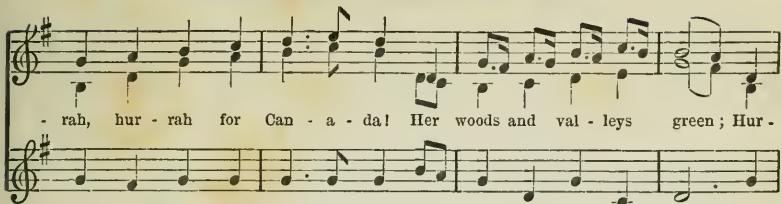
The fourth system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The melody in the top staff is more active, featuring sixteenth notes. The lyrics 'Queen! Good ships be on her wa - ters, Firm friends up - on her' are written below the staves.

Queen! Good ships be on her wa - ters, Firm friends up - on her

The fifth system concludes the piece with a forte (*f*) dynamic marking. The melody in the top staff reaches a final, energetic conclusion. The lyrics 'shores, Peace, peace with-in her bor - ders, And plen - ty in her stores. Then hur -' are written below the staves.

shores, Peace, peace with-in her bor - ders, And plen - ty in her stores. Then hur -

# HURRAH FOR CANADA—continued.

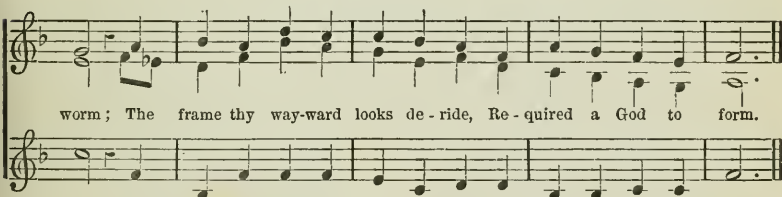
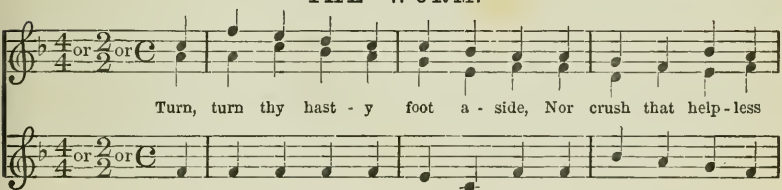


*Repeat in Chorus ff*

Right loyally we're singing,  
To all nations make it known,  
That we love the land we live in,  
And our Queen upon her throne.

Long may the sons of Canada  
Continue as they've been,  
True to their native country,  
And faithful to their Queen.

## THE WORM.



The common Lord of all that move,  
From whom thy being flow'd,  
A portion of His boundless love  
On that poor worm bestow'd.  
The sun, the moon, the stars He made  
To all His creatures free;

And spreads o'er earth the grassy blade  
For worms as well as thee.  
Let them enjoy their little day,  
Their lowly bliss receive;  
Oh, do not lightly take away  
The life thou canst not give.

# THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

*Andantino grazioso.*

'Tis the last rose of sum - mer, Left bloom - ing a -

lone, All her love - ly com - pan - ions Are fad - ed and

gone; No flower of her kin - dred, No rose - bud is

nigh; To re - flect back her blush - es, Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,  
To pine on the stem;  
Since the lovely are sleeping,  
Go sleep thou with them:  
Thus kindly I scatter  
Thy leaves o'er the bed  
Where thy mates of the garden  
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,  
When friendships decay,  
And from love's shining circle  
The gems drop away!  
When true hearts lie wither'd,  
And fond ones are flown,  
Oh! who would inhabit,  
This bleak world alone!

# EMPLOYMENT.

H. F. S.

*Allegretto.*

How plea-sant it is, at the close of the day, No fol-lies

to have to re-pent, But re-flect on the past, and be a-ble to say, My

time has been pro-per-ly spent! When I've fin-ish'd my busi-ness with

pa-tience and care, And been good, and ob-lig-ing, and kind, I lie on my

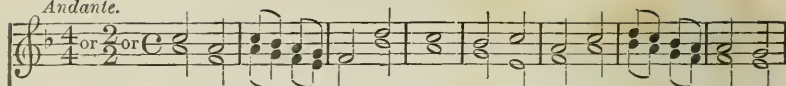
pil-low, and sleep a-way there, With a hap-py and peace-a-ble mind.

Instead of all this, if it must be confess'd  
That I careless and idle have been,  
I lie down as usual and go to my rest,  
But feel discontented within ;

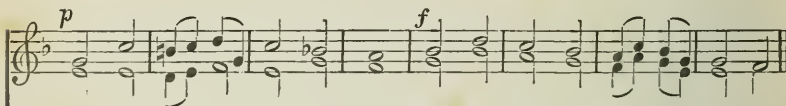
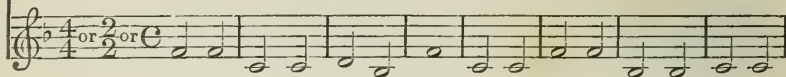
Then as I dislike all the trouble I've had,  
In future I'll try to prevent it, [sad,  
For I never am wayward without being  
Or good without being contented.

# A SCHOOL PRAYER.

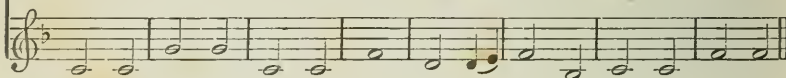
*Andante.*



Heavenly Fa - ther, bless the hours, That we pass in use - ful learn - ing,



Sanc - ti - fy our men - tal powers, All our thoughts to wis - dom turn - ing.

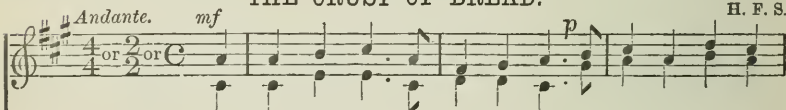


Give us light to guide our way,  
While thy word is spread before us;  
May we ne'er in error stray,  
May thy Spirit hover o'er us.

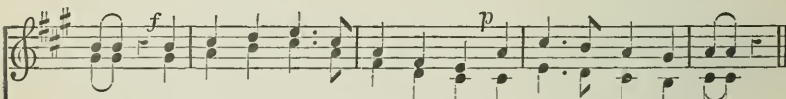
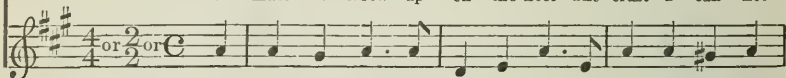
May no idle, ill-spent days  
Bow our parents' heads with sadness;  
May our honest, well-earn'd praise  
Fill their grateful hearts with gladness.

# THE CRUST OF BREAD.

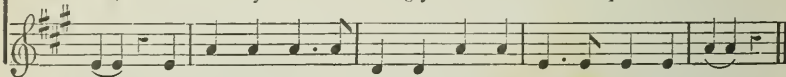
H. F. S.



I must not throw up - on the floor The crust I can - not



eat, For ma - ny lit - tle hun - gry ones Would think it quite a treat.



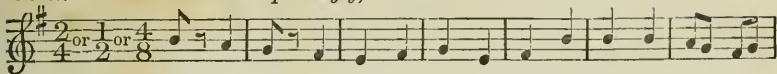
My parents labor very hard  
To get me wholesome food;  
Then I must never waste a bit  
That would do others good.

For wilful waste makes woeful want,  
And I may live to say,  
"Oh! how I wish I had the bread  
That once I threw away!"

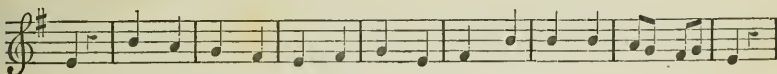


# THE BEE AND DRONE.\*

*Lento.*      *The DRONE—despondingly, and slow.*



Oh! dear me, these tire-some les-sons, I shall nev-er know them



well; All day long what pains and trou-ble I must take to learn to spell!

*The BEE—cheerfully, and fast.*



I have fin-ish'd all my les-sons! Gram-mar, writ-ing, sums and all.



Hur-rah! I have just ten min-utes, For a cheer-ful game at ball!

*The Drone.*

Though the morning school is over,  
Here I sit alone and cry;  
I can't learn this nasty lesson,  
What a wretched boy am I!

*The Bee.*

Now the morning school is over,  
To the sunny fields I fly;  
School, how pleasant; play delightful;  
What a happy boy am I!

\* Divide the Class, Division, or School in two parts, the one part taking the *Drone*, the other the *Bee*. The part of the *Drone* to be sung *slowly and despondingly*, imitating crying; the *Bee*, on the other hand, *quickly and cheerfully*.

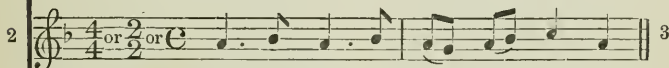
## O HOW PLEASANT TO BE ROAMING.

(ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.)

*Allegro.*



O how plea-sant to be roam-ing,



When the sum-mer flowers are bloom-ing,



In the wood-land and the glen.

# THE LITTLE BIRD.\*

*Andantino grazioso.*

Come, tell me now, sweet lit - tle bird, Who deck'd thy wings with  
gold? Who fa - shion'd so thy ti - ny form, And bade thy wings un-  
fold? Who taught thee such en - chant - ing power, To soothe the ach - ing  
heart, And with thy note of har - mo - ny, To mock the reach of art?

## *Reply.*

My wings with gold by Him were tinged  
Who framed the golden spheres;  
He gave me form, who works unchanged  
Amidst the change of years;  
He taught me song, who heaven's own lyre  
Has strung to sound His praise;  
Who gave the seraph words of fire,  
And thee, still warmer lays.

## *Interrogation.*

Thou fly'st away! who bade thee soar?  
Who bade thee seek the sky,  
And wander through yon silver cloud,  
A speck to mortal eye?  
Oh! had I but thy wings, sweet bird!  
I'd mount where angels be,  
And leave behind this world of sin,  
A little thing like thee!

\* This three-part Song may be made interesting by dividing the Class, Division, or School in two parts, each singing alternately the interrogations and replies.

# THE LITTLE BIRD—continued.

*Reply.*

He bade me fly who taught thy soul  
To shoot through time and space,  
And bound o'er all the orbs that roll,  
To meet the Sun of grace.

Still seek that Sun, and thou shalt mount  
Beyond my utmost flight;  
And sport and bask thee at the fount  
Of pure ethereal light.

## THE VIOLET.

*Allegretto vivace.*

Down in a green and shad - y bed, A mo - dest vio - let

grew; Its stalk was bent, it hung its head, As if to hide from

view, And yet it was a love - ly flower, Its co - lours bright and

fair, It might have graced a ros - y bower, In - stead of hid - ing there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,  
In modest tints array'd;  
And there diffused a sweet perfume  
Within its silent shade.

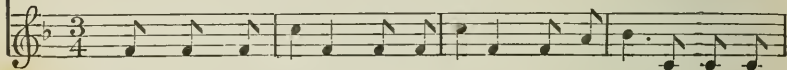
Then let me to the valley go,  
This pretty flower to see,  
That I may also learn to grow  
In sweet humility.

# SHELLS OF OCEAN.

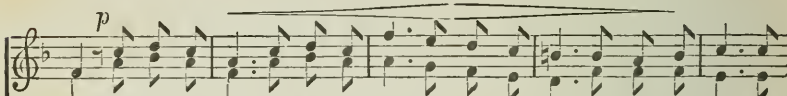
*Andante.*



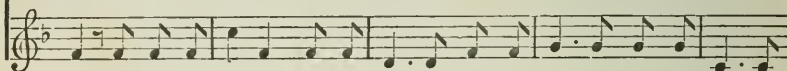
One sum - mer eve, with pen-sive thought, I wan-der'd on the sea - beat



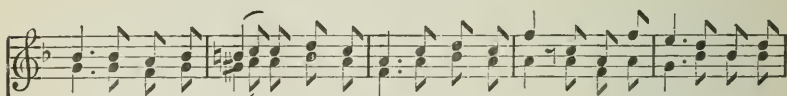
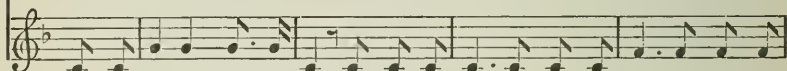
*p*



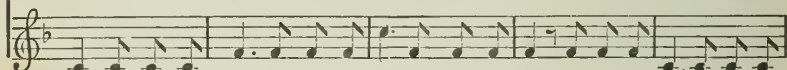
shore, Where oft in heed - less in - fant sport, I ga-ther'd shells in days be - fore, I



ga-ther'd shells in days be - fore, The plas-hing waves like mu - sic fell, Re - spon - sive



to my fan - cy wild, A dream came o'er me like a spell, I thought I was a - gain a

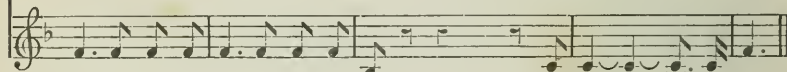


*dim.*

*slow.*



child, A dream came o'er me like a spell, I thought I was a - gain, a - gain a child.



## SHELLS OF OCEAN—continued.

I stood upon the pebbly strand,  
To cull the toys that round me lay;  
And as I took them in my hand,  
I threw them one by one away :

O thus I said, In every stage,  
By toys our fancy is beguiled,  
We gather shells from youth to age,  
And then we leave them like a child.

### MY HANDS, HOW NICELY ARE THEY MADE.

H. F. S.

*Allegretto, mf*

My hands, how nice - ly are they made, To hold, and touch, and

do; I'll try to learn some hon - est trade, That will be use - ful

too; My eyes, how fit they are to read, To mind my work and

look; I ought to think of that, in - deed, And use them at my book.

My tongue, 'twas surely never meant  
To quarrel or to swear;  
To speak the truth my tongue was sent,  
And also given for prayer.

My thoughts,—for what can they be given?  
For thinking—to be sure;  
That I may think of God and heaven,  
And learn my faults to cure.

# THE SWISS SONG OF HOME.

*Allegretto agitato.*

Why, ah! why, my heart, this sad ness? Who mid scenes  
like these de - cline, Where all, though strange, is joy and glad - ness? Oh!  
say, what wish can yet be thine? Oh! say, what wish can yet be thine?

All that's dear to me is wanting,  
Lone and cheerless here I roam;  
For strangers' joys, howe'er enchanting,  
Can never be to me like home.

Give me these, I ask no other,  
Those that bless the humble dome,  
Where dwells my father and my mother—  
Oh! give me back my native home.

## GO LEARN OF THE ANT.

(ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.)

1 Go learn of the ant to be pru - dent and wise;  
2 In sum - mer she stores a - gainst win - try skies.  
3 Re - mem - ber in plen - ty that want may a - rise.



# THE PILOT.

*Andante. mf*

Oh! Pi - lot, 'tis a fear - ful night, There's dan - ger on the

deep, I'll come and pace the deck with thee, I do not dare to

sleep. *p* "Go down," the sail - or cried, "go down, This is no place for

thee; *f* Fear not, but trust in Pro - vidence, Wher - ev - er you may be."

Oh! Pilot, dangers, often met,  
 We all are apt to slight,  
 And thou hast known the raging seas,  
 But to subdue their might;  
 "It is not apathy," he said,  
 "Which gives this strength to me;  
 Fear not, but trust in Providence,  
 Wherever you may be.

"On such a night the sea engulf'd  
 My father's lifeless form;  
 My only brother's boat went down  
 In just so wild a storm:  
 And such perhaps may be my fate;  
 Yet still I say to thee,  
 Fear not, but trust in Providence,  
 Wherever you may be."

# A GENTLE WORD.

*Andantino grazioso.*

H. P. S.

First system of musical notation for 'A Gentle Word'. It consists of two staves in G major (one sharp) with a 4/4 or 2/2 time signature. The melody is marked with a piano (p) dynamic. The lyrics 'A gen - tle word, it falls like balm Up - on the wea - ry' are written below the staves.

Second system of musical notation for 'A Gentle Word'. It continues the melody from the first system. The lyrics 'heart; And calms the ag - o - ny with - in, With more than ma - gic art.' are written below the staves.

A gentle word,—it hath the power  
To win the erring back;  
Though they have wander'd far away  
From virtue's beaten track.

A gentle word!—Oh, give to all  
Sweet gentle words of love;  
For they shall all return to thee,  
From God's own lips above.

## THE ROSE'S AGE.

(ROUND FOR FOUR VOICES.)

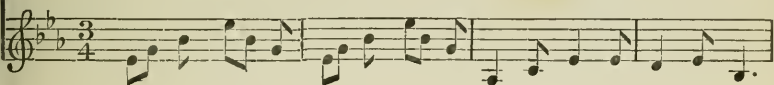
Musical notation for 'The Rose's Age', a round for four voices. It features four staves, each labeled with a voice number (1, 2, 3, 4) at the beginning and end. The key signature is G major (one sharp) and the time signature is 6/4. The lyrics are: 'The ro - se's age is but a day, Its bloom the pledge of its de - cay; Sweet is its scent, its co - lours bright, It blows at morn, and fades at night.' The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and bar lines.

# ON THE WATER.

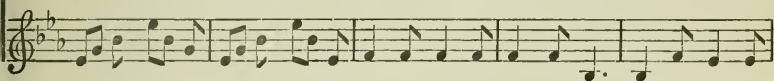
*Smoothly. f*



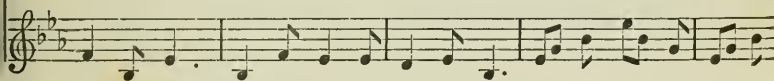
Where the sil - ver moon-beams qui - ver, Soft - ly glides our lit - tle boat,



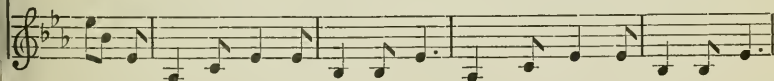
As up - on the tran-qui - lity riv - er Down the stream we id - ly float; Well it suits the



even - ing hour, Here to pass in scenes so fair, And let beau - ty's sooth - ing



pow - er Ba - nish thoughts of toil and care, Ba - nish thoughts of toil and care.



At this hour, when all is resting,  
Calm and silence on us steal;  
Hush'd is laughter now, and jesting,  
All the solemn influence feel.  
Thoughts of bygone days come o'er us,  
Sorrows link'd with mem'ries bright,  
Like the stream that flows before us,  
Now in shade, and now in light.

But if thinking turn to sadness,  
We will chase it with a song;  
Only thoughts of peace and gladness  
To an hour like this belong.  
Sing, and let your voices blending  
With the water, soft and low,  
Up to heaven's blue vault ascending,  
Wake the echoes as we go.

# THE BEGGAR GIRL.

*Slowly, and with feeling.*

O - ver the moun - tain and o - ver the moor, Hun - gry and

bare-foot I wan - der for - lorn; My fa - ther is dead, and my mo - ther is poor,

And she weeps for the days that will nev - er re - turn. *p* Pi - ty, kind gen - tle - folks,

friends of hu - ma - ni - ty, *f* Keen blows the winds, and the night's com - ing on! Give me some

food for my mo - ther, for cha - ri - ty, Give me some food, and then I will be - gone. *slow.*

## THE BEGGAR GIRL—continued.

Call me not lazy - back, idle and bold  
enough,  
Fain would I learn both to knit and to  
sew ;

The two little brothers at home, when  
they're old enough,  
They shall work hard for the gifts you  
bestow.

Pity, kind gentlefolks, &c.

Think, while you revel at home at your  
leisure,

Secure from the wind, and well clothed  
and fed,

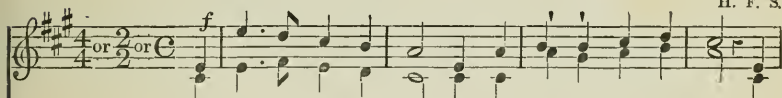
If fortune should fail, how hard it would  
be

To beg at the door for a morsel of  
bread !

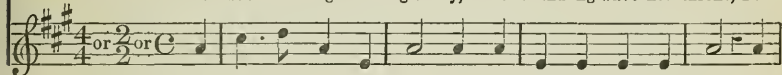
Pity, kind gentlefolks, &c.

## THE SEA IS ENGLAND'S GLORY.

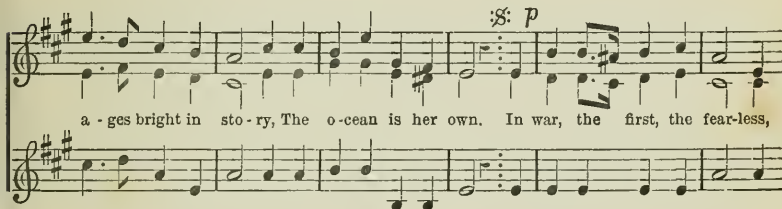
H. F. S.



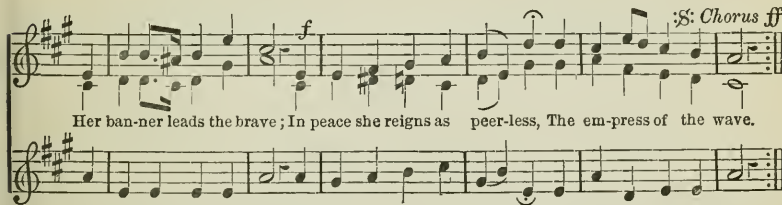
The sea is Eng-land's glo - ry, The bound-ing wave her throne, For



a - ges bright in sto - ry, The o - cean is her own. In war, the first, the fear-less,



Her ban-ner leads the brave ; In peace she reigns as peer-less, The em-press of the wave.



The sea is England's splendour,  
Her wealth the mighty main ;  
She is the world's defender,  
The feeble to sustain ;  
Her gallant sons, in story,  
Shine bravest of the brave ;  
Oh ! England's strength and glory  
Are on her ocean wave !

Thou loveliest land of beauty,  
Where dwells domestic worth,  
Where loyalty and duty  
Entwine each heart and hearth ;  
Thy rock is Freedom's pillow,  
The rampart of the brave,—  
Oh ! long as rolls the billow,  
Shall England rule the wave !

## THE SKATER'S SONG.

*Briskly.* **f**

Oh! the day is bright and cold, Crys-tal clear De-cem-ber! And it

**p**

makes the skat-er bold, Gold-en sports re-mem-ber. Wel-come brac-ing win-ter times,

**ff**

When the frost do glit-ter, And the mer-ry Christmas chimes: Could a day be fit-ter?

Come! it is our holiday,  
Indoor tasks are ended;  
Healthy life wants hearty play  
With still study blended;

On the frozen lake we wheel,  
Each the other chasing;  
On the ice, with shining steel,  
Many a circle tracing.

## MORNING SONG.

*Briskly.* **p**

The stars are fad-ing from the sky, The mists be-fore the morn-ing fly; The



# MORNING SONG—continued.

east is glow-ing with a smile, And na-ture, laugh-ing all the while, Says, Clear the

way! the world is wak-ing, Night is gone, and day is break-ing; day is break-ing!

The cock has crow'd with all his might,  
The birds are singing with delight,  
The hum of business meets the ear,  
And face to face, with kindly cheer,  
Says, Clear the way! the world is  
waking,  
Night is gone, and day is breaking!

The bell is ringing, haste away!  
The school is open, leave off play,—  
The sun of knowledge there we find  
Arising on the youthful mind;  
So clear the way! the world is  
waking,  
Night is gone, and day is breaking!

## WHEN THE ROSY MORN APPEARING.

When the ro-sy morn ap-pear-ing, Paints with gold the ver-dant lawn,

Bees on banks of thyme dis-port-ing, Sip the sweets, and hail the dawn.

Warbling birds the day proclaiming,  
Carol sweet the lively strain,  
They forsake their leafy dwelling,  
To secure the golden grain.

See, content, the humble gleaner  
Takes the scatter'd ears that fall;  
Nature, all her children viewing,  
Kindly bounteous, cares for all.

## SONG FOR PEACE.

Lord God of Sa - ba - eth, King, who or - dain - eth,

Great winds Thy clar - ions, the light - ning Thy sword; Show forth Thy pit - y on

high, where Thou reign - est, Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

The musical score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4 or 2/2 or common time (C). The piece begins with a forte (f) dynamic. The lyrics are placed below the staff, with some words aligned under specific notes. The score includes a piano (p) section and ends with a forte (f) section.

God the omnipotent, sin's sure avenger,  
Watching invisible, moving unheard;  
Leave us not now in the hour of our  
danger,  
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the all-merciful, earth has forsaken  
Thy ways of blessedness, slighted Thy  
word;  
Bid not thy wrath in its terrors awaken,  
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

## THE POOR BLIND BOY.

*Moderate. mf*

Oh, say what is that thing call'd light, Which I can ne'er en -

- joy? What are the bless - ings of the sight? Oh, tell your poor blind boy.

The musical score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4 or 2/2 or common time (C). The tempo and dynamics are marked 'Moderate. mf'. The lyrics are placed below the staff, with some words aligned under specific notes. The score includes a repeat sign and ends with a final note.

## THE POOR BLIND BOY—continued.

You talk of wondrous things you see,  
You say the sun shines bright,  
I feel him warm, but how can he  
Or make it day and night?

My day or night myself I make,  
Whene'er I sleep or play;  
And could I ever keep awake,  
With me 'twere always day.

Then let not what I cannot have,  
My cheer of mind destroy;  
While thus I sing, I am a king,  
Although a poor blind boy.

## THE VOLUNTEERS.

*Firmly, in quick marching time.*

The musical score for 'The Volunteers' is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of 2/4, with 'or 2/8' written below. The music is marked with a forte 'f' dynamic. The lyrics 'Come, shoul-der your ri-fles, And up and on your way, 'Tis' are written below the first staff. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff begins with a piano 'pp' dynamic and contains the lyrics 'time we were off To our prac-tis-ing to-day. For hark! boys, hark! the'. The fourth staff continues the melody and includes the lyrics 'bug-le's call sounds clear, And sum-mons to his work each trust-y Vol-un-teer.' The score ends with a double bar line.

Your hand must be steady,  
For true must be your aim,  
And keen be your glance,  
As the hunter for his game;  
So lightly tread, for nimble as the deer,  
And firm as rooted oak must be the Volun-  
teer.

We talk not of glory—  
Be that the foeman's boast;  
Not always they win her  
Who talk of her the most:  
But duty calls, each man the summons hears,  
Our coasts are guarded by our gallant Volun-  
teers.

# WE GO, WE GO.

*Cheerfully.*

H. F. S.

*f*  
We go, we go where the green leaves grow, And the wild flowers flourish

fair, Where the sweet perfume of the wood-bine's bloom, Is a-broad in the

*pp*  
summer air; Where the violet with the dew is wet, On the banks of the crystal

*f*  
stream, And the lily bell in the mossy dell, Waves glad in the chequered beam.

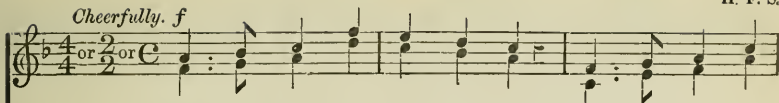
A soft light smiles through the forest aisles,  
And it sleeps on the moss below,  
And the merry song of the warbling throng  
Gives a welcome as on we go;  
Where the walnut trees wave in the breeze,  
And the broad elms cast their shade,  
And the harebells nod o'er the verdant sod,  
That carpets the forest glade.

We go, we go where the flowers grow,  
To the woods, and dells, and streams,  
In the early morn, when the day is born,  
'Mid the dawn's reviving beams;  
In the sunset hour, when the tree and flower  
Are bathed in their loveliest hues;  
In the silver light of the soft twilight,  
When cool are the evening dews.

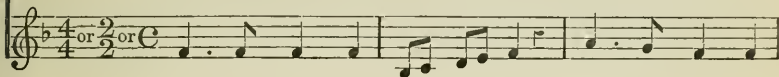
# THE REAPERS' SONG.

H. F. S.

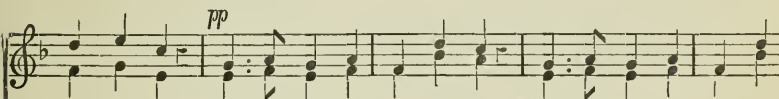
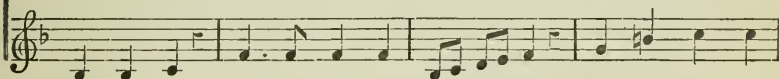
*Cheerfully. f*



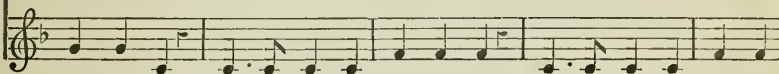
Hark! from wood - lands far a - way, Sounds the mer - ry



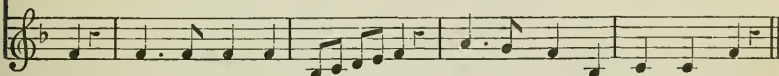
round - e - lay; Now a - cross the rus - set plain Slow - ly moves the



load - ed wain: Greet the reap - ers as they come, Hap - py, hap - py har - vest



home! Greet the reap - ers as they come, Hap - py, hap - py har - vest home!



Never fear the wintry blast,  
Summer suns will shine at last;  
See the golden grain appear,  
See the produce of the year:  
Greet the reapers as they come,  
Happy, happy harvest home!

Children join the jocund ring,  
Young and old come forth and sing,  
Stripling blithe, and maiden gay,  
Hail the rural holiday:  
Greet the reapers as they come,  
Happy, happy harvest home!

# CHEER, BOYS, CHEER!

*f*

Cheer, boys, cheer! no more of i - dle sor - row, Cou - rage, true hearts shall

Detailed description: This system contains the first two staves of music. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/2 or 2/1. The first staff begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic marking. The melody is in the upper voice, and the accompaniment is in the lower voice. The lyrics are written below the staves.

bear us on our way; Hope points be - fore, and shows the bright to - mor - row,

Detailed description: This system contains the third and fourth staves of music. The melody continues in the upper voice, and the accompaniment continues in the lower voice. The lyrics are written below the staves.

*pp*

Let us for - get the dark - ness of to - day. So fare - well, Eng - land, much as we

Detailed description: This system contains the fifth and sixth staves of music. The dynamic marking changes to pianissimo (*pp*). The melody continues in the upper voice, and the accompaniment continues in the lower voice. The lyrics are written below the staves.

may love thee, We'll dry the tears that we have shed be - fore; Why should we weep to

Detailed description: This system contains the seventh and eighth staves of music. The melody continues in the upper voice, and the accompaniment continues in the lower voice. The lyrics are written below the staves.

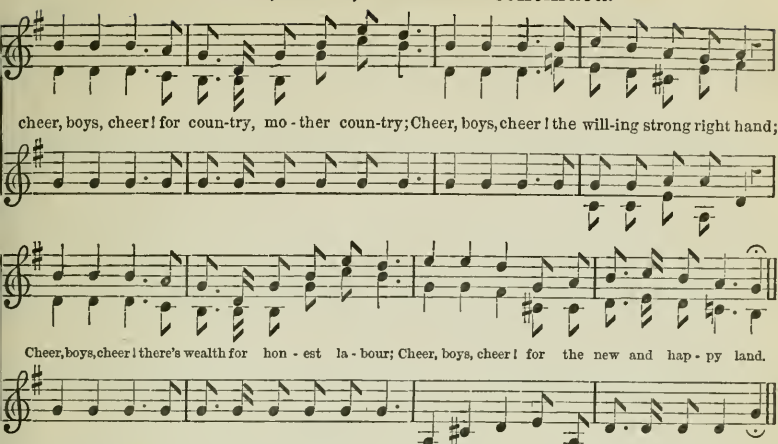
*dim.*..... *ff*

sail in search of for - tune? So fare - well, Eng - land, fare - well for ev - er - more. Then

Detailed description: This system contains the ninth and tenth staves of music. The dynamic marking changes from *dim.* (diminuendo) to *ff* (fortissimo). The melody continues in the upper voice, and the accompaniment continues in the lower voice. The lyrics are written below the staves.



# CHEER, BOYS, CHEER!—continued.



Cheer, boys, cheer! the steady breeze is  
blowing,  
To float us freely o'er the ocean's breast;  
And the world shall follow in the track  
we're going,  
The star of empire glitters in the west.

Here we had toil, and little to reward it,  
But there shall plenty smile upon our  
pain,  
And ours shall be the prairie and the forest,  
And boundless meadows ripe with golden  
grain.

## CHORUS.

Then cheer, boys, cheer! no more of idle sorrow;  
Cheer, boys, cheer! united heart and hand;  
Cheer, boys, cheer! there's wealth for honest labour;  
Cheer, boys, cheer! for the new and happy land.

# THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

(ROUND FOR FOUR VOICES.)

1  $\frac{4}{4}$  or  $\frac{2}{2}$  or C 'Tis the Queen's birth - day, 2

2  $\frac{4}{4}$  or  $\frac{2}{2}$  or C 'Tis our ho - li - day, 3

3  $\frac{4}{4}$  or  $\frac{2}{2}$  or C Gay flags are stream - ing on the vil - lage green, 4

4  $\frac{4}{4}$  or  $\frac{2}{2}$  or C Bright fa - ces gleam - ing all a - round are seen. 1

# LITTLE BY LITTLE.

*Moderato.*

Lit - tle by lit - tle, the bird builds her nest; Lit - tle  
 by lit - tle, the sun sinks to rest; Lit - tle by lit - tle, the  
 waves in their glee, Smooth the rough rock by the shore of the sea.

Drop after drop, falls the soft summer  
 shower;  
 Leaf close by leaf, grows the cool forest  
 bower;  
 Grain heap'd on grain, forms mountains  
 so high,  
 Till their cloud-capp'd summits are lost to  
 the eye.

Little by little, the bee to her cell  
 Brings the sweet honey, and garners it well;  
 Little by little, the ant layeth by, [supply.  
 From summer's abundance, the winter's  
 Minute by minute, so passes the day;  
 Hour after hour, years are gliding away:  
 The moments improve until life be past,  
 And, little by little, grow wise to the last.

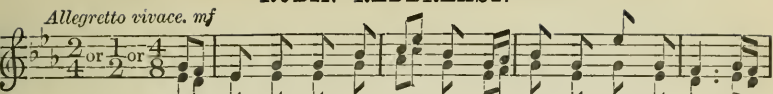
## HARK! THE DISTANT CLOCK.

(ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.)

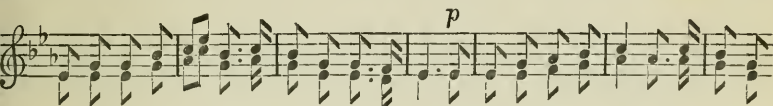
1 Hark! the dis-tant clock re-minds us That an - oth - er hour has fled;  
 2 Night is come, our task is end-ed, Friends, good night, 'tis time for bed.  
 3 One, two, three, four, Five, six, seven, eight.

# ROBIN REDBREAST.

*Allegretto vivace. mf*



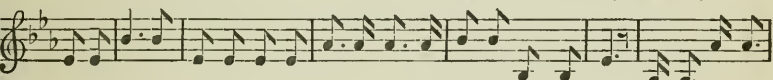
Good - bye, good-bye to sum-mer, For sum-mer's near - ly done, The



gar-den smil-ing faint-ly, Cool breezes in the sun; The thrushes now are si-lent, Our swallows



flown a-way, But Robin's here in coat of brown, And scar-let breast-knot gay. Ro-bin, Ro-bin



Red-breast, O Ro-bin dear! Ro-bin sings so sweet-ly in The fall-ing of the year.



Bright yellow, red and orange,  
The leaves come down in hosts;  
The trees are Indian princes,  
But soon they'll turn to ghosts;  
The leathery pears and apples  
Hang russet on the bough;  
It's autumn, autumn, autumn late,  
'Twill soon be winter now.  
Robin, Robin Redbreast,  
O Robin dear!  
And what will this poor Robin do?  
For pinching days are near.

The fireside for the cricket,  
The wheat-stack for the mouse,  
When trembling night-winds whistle,  
And moan all round the house.  
The frosty ways like iron,  
The branches plumed with snow;  
Alas! in winter dead and dark,  
Where can poor Robin go?  
Robin, Robin Redbreast,  
O Robin dear!  
A crumb of bread for Robin,  
His little heart to cheer.

# OH, DEAR! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

*Very lively. 3/8 pp*

Oh! dear! what can the mat - ter be? Dear! dear!

what can the mat - ter be? Oh! dear! what can the mat - ter be?

*Fine. f*

That we have cry - ing a - gain! These chil - dren were naugh - ty, and would be a -

- cry - ing, When les - sons they ought in the school to be say - ing, And still they per -

sist in the rule dis - o - bey - ing, And giv - ing us all so much pain.

# OH, DEAR! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?—continued.

Oh, dear! what can the matter be?  
Dear, dear! what can the matter be?  
Oh, dear! what can the matter be?

That we have crying again!

These children, we hope, from their faults will be turning,  
And lessons endeavour in school to be learning,  
Their teacher's esteem by their diligence earning,  
And then they'll be happy again.

## A CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

H. F. S.

*Moderato. mf*

At the close of ev' - ry day, Lord, to Thee I kneel and pray;

Look up - on Thy lit - tle child, Look in love and mer - cy mild.

Oh! for - give and wash a - way All my naugh - ty ways to - day;

And, both when I sleep and wake, Bless me for my Sav - iour's sake.

# CHRISTMAS CAROL.

*Moderato.*

Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn - ing,

Dawn on our dark - ness, and lend us thine aid; Star of the

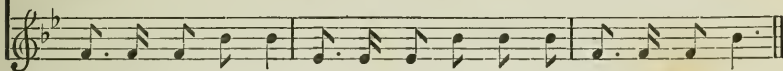
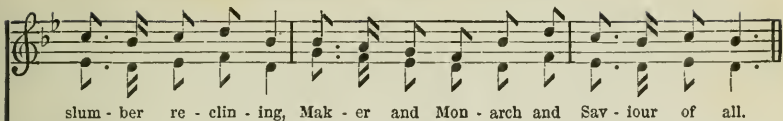
East, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re-

deem - er is laid. Cold on His cra - dle the dew - drops are shin - ing,

Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall; An - gels a - dore Him in



## CHRISTMAS CAROL—continued.

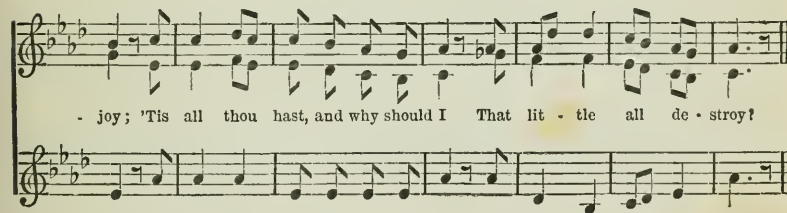
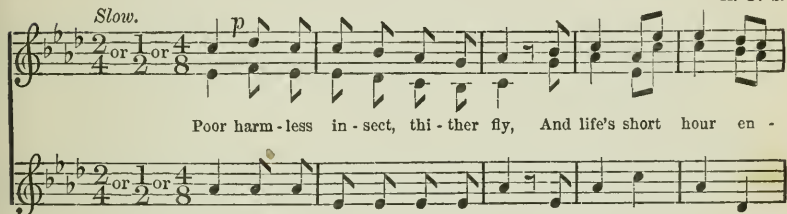


Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,  
 Odours of Edom, and offerings divine;  
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the  
 ocean,  
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from  
 the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
 Vainly with gold would His favour se-  
 cure;  
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration,  
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the  
 poor.

## TO A BUTTERFLY.

H. F. S.



Why should my tyrant will suspend  
 A life by wisdom given;  
 Or sooner bid thy being end,  
 Than was ordain'd by Heaven?  
 Lost to the joy that reason knows,  
 Thy bosom, fair and frail,  
 Loves but to wander where the rose  
 Perfumes the pleasant gale.

To bask upon the sunny bed,  
 The damask flower to kiss;  
 To rove along the bending shade,  
 Is all thy little bliss.  
 Then flutter still thy silken wings  
 In rich embroidery dress'd;  
 And sport upon the gale that flings  
 Sweet odours from his vest.

# BE KIND TO THE LOVED ONES AT HOME.

*Moderate. With feeling.*

Be kind to thy fa - ther, for when thou wert young, Who

loved thee so fond - ly as he? He caught the first ac - cents that fell from thy

tongue, And join'd in thy in - no - cent glee. Be kind to thy fa - ther, for

now he is old, His hair in - ter - min - gled with gray; His foot - steps are

fee - ble, once fear - less and bold, Thy fa - ther is pass - ing a - way.

## BE KIND TO THE LOVED ONES AT HOME—continued.

Be kind to thy mother, for lo! on her brow  
May traces of sorrow be seen;  
Oh! well may'st thou cherish and comfort  
her now,

For loving and kind hath she been.  
Remember thy mother, for thee will she pray,  
As long as God giveth her breath;  
With accents of kindness, then, cheer her  
lone way,  
Even to the dark valley of death.

Be kind to thy brother, his heart will have  
dearth,

If the smile of thy joy be withdrawn;  
The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth,  
If the dew of affection be gone.

Be kind to thy brother; wherever you are,  
The love of a brother shall be  
An ornament purer and richer by far  
Than pearls from the depth of the sea.

Be kind to thy sister, not many may know  
The depth of true sisterly love;  
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms be-  
low

The surface that sparkles above.  
Be kind to thy father, once fearless and  
bold;

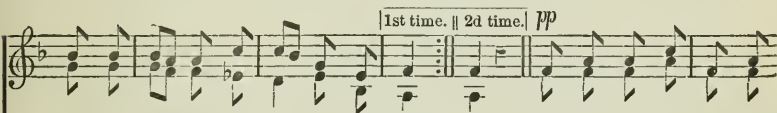
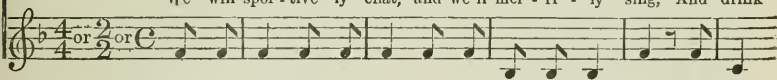
Be kind to thy mother so dear;  
Be kind to thy brother, nor show thy heart  
cold;  
Be kind to thy sister so dear.

## SHALL WE GO TO THE WOODS?

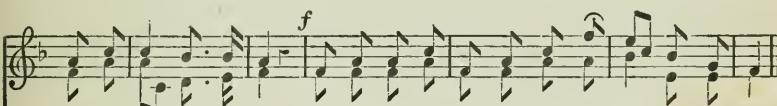
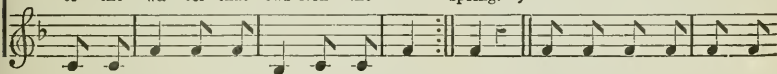
*Very lively.* 1st time *f* 2d time *p*



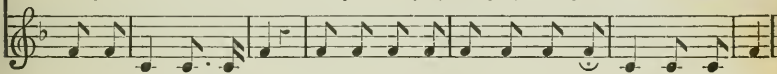
Shall we go to the woods where the ev - er - green grows, Whose leaves  
We will spor - tive - ly chat, and we'll mer - ri - ly sing, And drink



drink the dew, and de - cay ne - ver knows;  
of the wa - ter that flows from the spring. } Will you, will you, will you,



will you come to the wood? Will you, will you, will you, will you come to the wood?



We will sit by the rill, as it joyously gleams  
Like jewels that shine in the bright sunny beams;  
No wonder it dances with joy on its way,  
'Twill surely find welcome where'er it may stray.  
Will you, &c.

## THE BIRD'S PETITION.

*Moderato.* *mf*

Oh stay your hand, my lit - tle boy, And do not rob my

nest; Why should you, for a mo - ment's joy, My hap - py brood mo - lest?

My little ones, my hope and pride,  
Have not yet learn'd to fly;  
And if you take them from my side,  
They soon will pine and die!

Think, gentle boy, what would you feel,  
And your dear mother, too,  
If to your bed some thief should steal,  
And hurry off with you?

Oh, do not, do not climb the tree,  
To spoil our nest so warm;  
For you indeed must cruel be,  
If you would do us harm.

Return, then, to your happy home;  
And be it happy long!  
And to your window I will come,  
And thank you with a song.

## THE BUSY BEE.

*Lively.* 1st time *p* 2d time *f*

In the ear - ly beams of spring, Flies the bus - y bee;  
Ply - ing its un - wea - ried wing, Flies the bus - y bee;

*pp*

Hum - ming in each wood - land bower, Peep - ing in - to ev - 'ry flower,

## THE BUSY BEE—continued.

Two staves of music in G major (one sharp). The first staff begins with a forte 'f' dynamic. The melody is simple and rhythmic, with lyrics written below the notes.

Us - ing ev - 'ry sun - ny hour, Flies the bus - y bee.

In the sober autumn's time,  
 Flies the busy bee ;  
 Though the flowers are past their prime,  
 Flies the busy bee ;  
 Ere the wintry storms shall roar,  
 And the flowers shall bloom no more,  
 Laying up its honey'd store,  
 Flies the busy bee.

In the sultry summer days,  
 Flies the busy bee ;  
 Basking in the burning rays,  
 Flies the busy bee ;  
 Gath'ring from each flowery bell,  
 In the garden, field, or dell,  
 Sweets to store its curious cell,  
 Flies the busy bee.

## AT THE HARVEST HOME.

(ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.)

A round for three voices in G major, 4/4 or 2/2 or C time. The music is arranged in three parts (1, 2, 3) and includes a repeat section. The lyrics are written below the staves.

1 At the har - vest home, bid the plough good speed ;

2 God bless the reap - er with his sheave ;

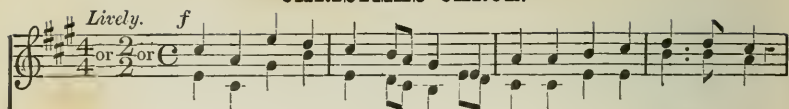
3 Oh, ho ! say you so ? The

2 Hey for the man that scat - ters the seed.

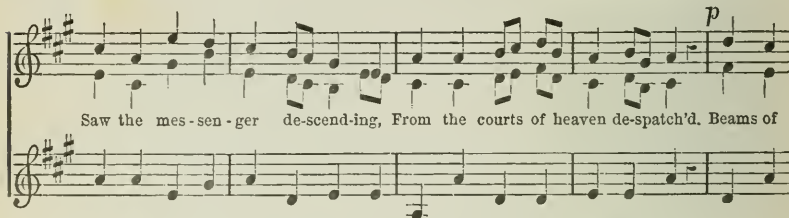
3 Oh may the thresh - er nev - - - er grieve.

1 corn will make the mill to go, The corn will make the mill to go.

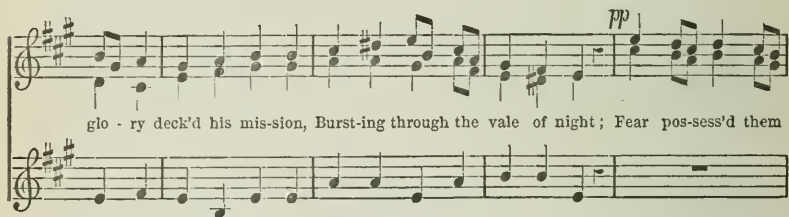
# CHRISTMAS CAROL.



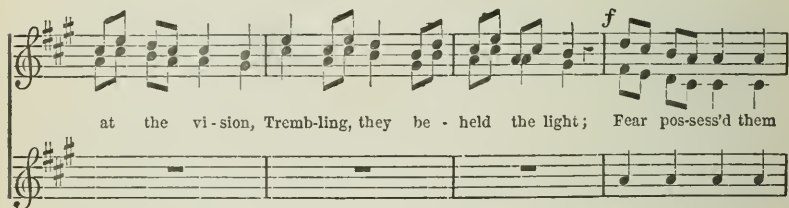
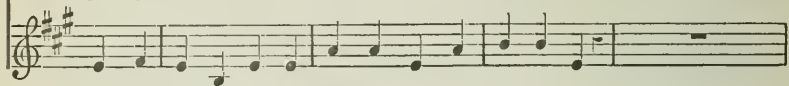
Shep-herds on their flocks at-tend-ing, Shep-herds that in night-time watch,



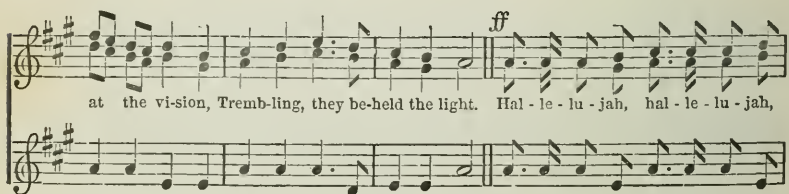
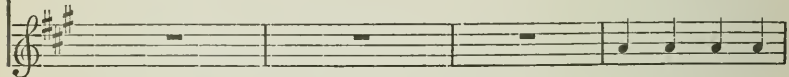
Saw the mes-sen-ger de-scend-ing, From the courts of heaven de-spach'd. Beams of



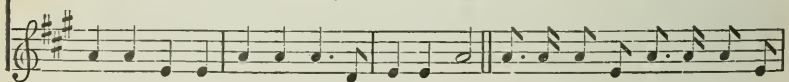
glo-ry deck'd his mis-sion, Burst-ing through the vale of night; Fear pos-sess'd them



at the vi-sion, Tremb-ling, they be-held the light; Fear pos-sess'd them



at the vi-sion, Tremb-ling, they be-held the light. Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah,





# CHRISTMAS CAROL—continued.

hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah,

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah.

Dove-like meekness graced his visage,  
 Joy and love shone round his head;  
 Soon he cheer'd them with his message,  
 Comfort flow'd from all he said.  
 Fear not, fav'rites of th' Almighty,  
 Joyful news to you I bring;  
 You have now in David's city,  
 Born a Saviour, Christ the King.  
 Hallelujah.

Lo! sweet babe, we fall before Thee,  
 Jesu, Thee we all adore;  
 Thine's the kingdom, power, and glory,  
 We'll proclaim Thee evermore;  
 Glory to our God be given,  
 By the radiant hosts above;  
 Peace on earth to men forgiven,  
 Objects of redeeming love.  
 Hallelujah.

## OH, HOW LOVELY!

(ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.)

Oh how love - ly is the eve-ning, is the eve-ning,

When to rest the bells are ring-ing, bells are ring-ing!

Bome! bome! bome! bome! bome! bome!

# ALONG THE LINE.

H. F. S.

*Firmly. f*

Stead - y be your bea - con blaze, A - long the line! a - long the

line! Free - ly sing dear Free-dom's praise, A - long the line! a - long the line!

*ff*

Let the on - ly sword you draw Bear the le - gend of the law;

*p*

Wield it less to strike than awe, A - long the line! a - long the line!

Let them rail against the land,  
 Beyond the line! beyond the line!  
 When its heroes forth it sends  
 Along the line! along the line!  
 On the field or in the camp,  
 They shall tremble at your tramp!  
 Men of the old Normal stamp,  
 Along the line! along the line!

# COMING FROM SCHOOL.

*Lively. mf*

They are com - ing, hap - py chil - dren, School is out and

they're at play, Com - ing through the lane and orch - ard, Sure - ly not the near - est

*Fine. p*

way! Ros - y cheeks and eyes that spar - kle, Laugh that's ring - ing loud and

free, Con - stant din of child - ish prat - tle; Not a heart but's fill'd with glee.

Roaming here and there 'mid flowers,  
 Playing *drive*, or *take a ride*,  
 Counting o'er the mountain frolics,  
 Source alike of joy and pride.  
 Nought care they for wealth or fashion,  
 Bonnets swinging in their hand,  
 Fairy locks are feebly waving  
 Round the brows so deeply tann'd.  
 They are coming, happy children, &c.

Little hats are clutch'd half brimless,  
 Butterflies must now take care;  
 Earnestly each youthful sportsman  
 Longs to take them in his snare.  
 Tiny feet are treading homeward,  
 By the brook, and 'long the hill,  
 Pausing at each downy bird's nest,  
 And the rocks beside the rill.  
 They are coming, happy children, &c.

# THE GLEANER.

*Moderato. mf*

Be - fore the bright sun ris - es o - ver the hill, In the corn - field

*p* *mf*

poor Mar - y is seen; Im - pa - tient her lit - tle blue a - pron to fill

*p*

With the few scat - ter'd ears she can glean. She nev - er leaves off nor runs

*p* *f*

out of her place, To play or to i - dle and chat; Ex - cept now and

then, just to wipe her hot face, And to fan her - self with her broad hat.

## THE GLEANER—continued.

When the shadows grew small 'neath the  
sun of mid-day,  
We saw her still stooping to glean;  
We begg'd her a while from her labor to  
stay,  
And to rest on the cool shady green.  
"Poor girl! hard at work in the heat of  
the sun,  
How tired and warm you must be!  
Why don't you leave off, as the others have  
done,  
And sit with them under the tree?"

Oh, no! for my mother lies ill in her  
bed,  
Too feeble to spin or to knit;  
And my poor little brothers are crying for  
bread,  
And we hardly can give them a bit.  
Then could I be merry, or idle, and  
play,  
While they are so hungry and ill?  
Oh, no! I would rather work hard all the  
day,  
My little blue apron to fill.

## TO THE GREENWOOD'S SUNNY GLADE.

*Fast. p* *f* *p*

To the green-wood's sun-ny glade, Come, come a-way, Tra la la; In the

*f* *pp*

green-wood's leaf-y shade, Birds sing all day, Tra la la; Black-birds are whist-ling

*f*

loud and clear, and the sweet thrush we hear, With the lin-net far and near, Warbling all day.

Hid amongst the boughs so high,  
Broods the foud dove, Tra la la;  
Murmuring unceasingly  
Her tale of love, Tra la la.

There let us sit and idly dream,  
Watching some straggling beam  
Play upon the sparkling stream.  
In that dark grove.

# HOME, SWEET HOME!

*Very smoothly. p*

'Mid plea-sures and pa-la-cies though we may roam, Be it

The first system of the musical score for 'Home, Sweet Home!'. It features a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The time signature is indicated as 4/4 or 2/2 or C. The melody is written on a single staff with a piano (p) dynamic marking. The lyrics are: 'Mid plea-sures and pa-la-cies though we may roam, Be it

*p*

ev-er so hum-ble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to

The second system of the musical score. It continues the melody from the first system. The lyrics are: ev-er so hum-ble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to

*p*

hal-low us there, Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with else-where.

The third system of the musical score. It continues the melody. The lyrics are: hal-low us there, Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with else-where.

*p* *slow.*

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Be it ev-er so humble, there's no place like home.

The fourth system of the musical score. It begins with a piano (p) dynamic marking and a 'slow.' tempo instruction. The lyrics are: Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Be it ev-er so humble, there's no place like home.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;  
 Oh! give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again,  
 The birds singing gaily that came at my call,  
 Give me them, with peace of mind, home, that's dearer than all.  
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.



# TIME IS EVER FLOWING.

H. F. S.

*Smoothly.*

The musical score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff in 3/4 time. It consists of 16 measures. The first measure has a 'Smoothly.' instruction above it. The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words split across measures. The score includes dynamic markings: 'p' (piano) above the 12th measure and 'pp' (pianissimo) above the 13th measure. The key signature has one flat (Bb).

Time is ev - er flow - ing, Like a dream or song,  
 Swift - ly on its pin - ions Pass we now a - long; Let no  
 i - dle vi - sion Dim our path with care, But where vir - tue  
 calls us, To her paths so fair, Be our foot - steps there.

Life hath in its story  
 Many a precious page,  
 Lit with truest glory,  
 Fresh in youth and age:  
 Let no dream of pleasure  
 Dim its holy ray,  
 Fill we up the measure  
 Of life's fitful day,  
 Ere we pass away.

# OUR COUNTRY AND OUR QUEEN.

*Andantino.*

*mf*  $\text{♩}$

H. F. S.

In o - ther lands the bright sun-beams, With rich - er glow is

known, But none, how - ev - er fair they seem, Are fair - er than our

*Fine.* *p*

own. And none a mo-narch can pos-sess, As on our throne is seen.

*f* *Repeat full.*  $\text{♩}$

So then we'll pray to God to bless Our Coun-try and our Queen.

In song let children hail her name,  
For she our love hath won,  
By deeds of more enduring fame,  
Than manhood's might have done.  
And long as language can express,  
What in the heart's unseen,  
We'll pray to God above to bless  
Our Country and our Queen.  
In other lands, &c.

Though great her glory and renown,  
Theme of her people's prayers,  
May she yet win a nobler crown  
Than that on earth she wears :  
And long may future times confess  
The witness we have seen ;  
But, Lord, in Thy great love still bless  
Our Country and our Queen.  
In other lands, &c.

# SPRING.

*Moderato.* *f*

See, see how the i - ces are melt - ing a - way!

*pp* *f*

The riv - ers have burst from their chain! The woods and the

*p*

hed - ges with ver - dure look gay, And dai - sies en - am - el the plain.

The sun rises high and shines warm o'er the dale,  
 The orchards with blossoms are white;  
 The voice of the woodlark is heard in the vale,  
 And the cuckoo returns from her flight.

Young lambs sport and frisk on the side of the hill,  
 The honey-bee wakes from her sleep;  
 The turtle-dove opens her soft cooing bill,  
 And the snowdrops and primroses peep.

All nature looks active, delightful, and gay;  
 The creatures begin their employ:  
 Ah! let me not be less industrious than they,  
 An idle, and indolent boy.

Now, while in the spring of my vigor and bloom,  
 In the paths of fair learning I'll run;  
 Nor let the best part of my being consume,  
 With nothing of consequence done.

Thus, if to my lessons with care I attend,  
 And store up the knowledge I gain;  
 When the winter of age shall upon me descend,  
 'Twill cheer the dark season of pain.

# MAY IS HERE.

*Moderato.* **f**

May is here! the world re-joice- es; Earth puts on her smiles to

greet her; Grove and field lift up their voices; Leaf and flower come forth to

**p**

meet her. Happy May! blithesome May! Winter's reign has pass'd away.

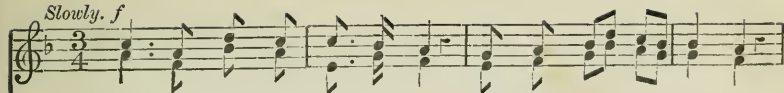
Happy May! blithesome May! Winter's reign has pass'd away.

Birds through ev'ry thicket calling,  
Wake the woods to sounds of gladness:  
Hark! the long-drawn notes are falling,  
Sad, but pleasant in their sadness.  
Happy May! blithesome May!  
Winter's reign has pass'd away.

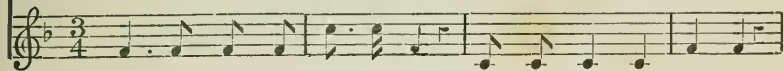
Earth to heaven lifts up her voices;  
Sky, and field, and wood, and river:  
With their heart our heart rejoices;  
For His gifts we praise the Giver.  
Happy May! blithesome May!  
Winter's reign has pass'd away.

# AUTUMN.

*Slowly. f*



Win - ter time is draw - ing near, And my heart is sink - ing;



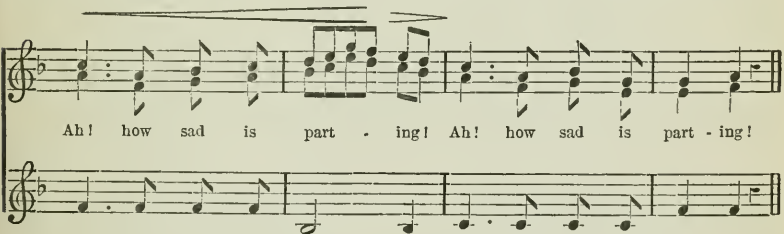
Youth and life must dis - ap - pear, From the cold blast shrink - ing;



Woods must lose their leaf - y crown, Fields put on their coats of brown:



Ah! how sad is part - ing! Ah! how sad is part - ing!



Summer birds have sung their last,  
From our cold land flying;  
Summer skies are overcast,  
Shrilly winds are sighing;  
Not a butterfly is seen,  
Humming-bee nor beetle sheen:  
Ah, how sad is parting!

Yes! we bid you all good-bye,  
Birds, and bees, and flowers;  
Summer breezes, summer sky,  
Happy summer hours.  
Hear you not the Autumn gale,  
Saying, with its mournful wail,  
Sad, ah sad, is parting!

# AWAKE, LITTLE SLEEPER.

H. F. S.

*Lively.*

A - wake thee, lit - tle sleep - er, No long - er slumb - ring lie, The

ro - sy light is break - ing O'er all the east - ern sky, And joy - ous birds are

wing - ing Their flight from tree to tree, While all the air is ring - ing With

sweet - est mel - o - dy; Let thy young face be lift - ed, In strains of grate - ful

song, Un - to thy great Cre - a - tor, Who doth thy days pro - long.



## AWAKE, LITTLE SLEEPER—continued.

Awake thee, little sleeper,  
And view the glorious sun,  
His circuit through the heaven  
Already is begun ;  
He look'd in at the window,  
To find thee sleeping still,

Then hasten'd on his journey,  
Far over vale and hill ;  
Behold him as he speedeth  
Upon his onward way,  
For never once he pauseth  
Till evening's closing ray.

*'Repeat Music from \* for this verse.)*

Thus let thy path be onward,  
And upward every day ;  
So shall thy rest be glorious,  
When life has pass'd away.

## SPRING.

*Briskly.* *f*

The win - ter is ov - er, good - bye to the snow ; The

*pp*

grass in the fields is be - gin - ning to grow ; Now skim - ming the mea - dows

*f*

the swal - low is seen ; How soft on the trees is the first tinge of green !

It seem'd as if life had from earth pass'd away,  
So still in her cold winter mantle she lay ;  
Ah, no ! she was sleeping, and now, fresh and bright,  
Her buds and her blossoms unfold to the light.  
The sweet breath of violets comes on the breeze !  
How busy the rooks seem among the tall trees !  
Yes, winter is over, I hear the birds sing,  
We'll join in the chorus, and greet thee, O Spring !

# THE MERRY SWISS BOY.

*S:*

2 or 1 or 4  
4 2 8

Come, a-rouse thee, a-rouse thee, my brave Swiss boy, Take thy pail, and to

*Fine.*

la - bor a - way; The sun is up with rud-dy beam, The kine are throng-ing to the stream:

Am not I, am not I, say, a merry Swiss  
boy,  
When I hie to the mountain away?  
For there a shepherd maiden dear,  
Awaits my song with listening ear:  
Am not I, am not I, then, a merry Swiss  
boy,  
When I hie to the mountain away?

Then at night, then at night, oh! a gay  
Swiss boy,  
I'm away to my comrades, away;  
The cup we fill, the wine is pass'd  
In friendship round, until, at last,  
With "Good night," and "Good night,"  
goes the happy Swiss boy,  
To his home and his slumbers away.

## HOME, HOME!

*Moderato. mf*

6  
8

Home! home! name how en-dear-ing, Home! home! shrined in my breast;

Home! home! to my heart cheer-ing, Back to thy joys I'd re -

# HOME, HOME!—continued.

turn. Home! home! sweet home, Back to thy joys I'd re - turn.

Home! home! happiest of places;  
Home! home! thee I desire!  
Home! home! kind were the faces  
That I have met round thy fire!  
Home! home! sweet home!  
That I have met round thy fire!

Home! home! to thee united,  
Home! home! for thee I burn!  
Home! home! with thee delighted,  
Back to thy joys I'd return!  
Home! home! sweet home!  
Back to thy joys I'd return!

## NIGHT'S SHADES HAVE PASSED.

*Moderate. GIRLS. p*

Night's shades have pass'd from grove and moun - tain;

*Boys. p*

Day smiles on mea - dow, grove, and foun-tain. Morn - ing a - round

sweet - ly is break-ing; Na - ture in fresh - ness is a - wak - ing.

*BOTH. ff*  
Hail we the day, joy-ous in beau-ty, Wak-ing the heart to life and du-ty.

**GIRLS**—Thus from the heart night's visions fleeting,  
Hail we the dawn with pleasant greeting.

**BOYS**—Morning renews life's active story,  
 wooing the soul to toil and glory.

**CHORUS.**

Hail we the day, joyous in beauty,  
Waking the heart to life and duty.

Divide the Class, Division, or whole School into two parts—or, the girls may sing the *first part*, the boys the *second*, and both join in the chorus.

# THE BABY HOUSE.

H. F. S.

*Slow, and emphatic.*

*Fast.*

See! dear Pol - ly! what a state our house is in! Come,

wash the mugs, Shake all the rugs, And dust the par - lour floor, dear; Wind

up the jack, And clean the rack, And mend the pan - try door, dear!

*Slow*—See! dear Polly! what a state our dolls are in!

*Fast*—Then comb their locks,  
Put on their socks,  
And shoes upon their feet, dear!  
Smooth all their things,  
And tie their strings,  
And make them nice and neat, dear!

## THE KINE, THE KINE.

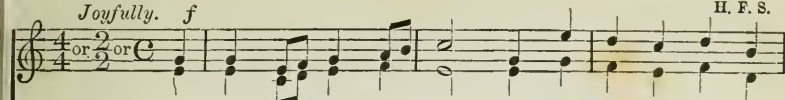
(ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.)

1 The kine, the kine are home - ward go - ing, 2  
2 Where o'er the ford the stream is flow - ing, 3  
3 They drink and wan - der on - ward low - ing. 1

# VACATION SONG.

H. F. S.

*Joyfully. f*



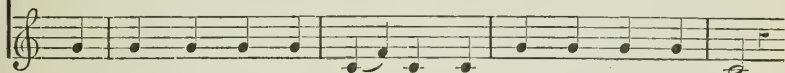
Now school and tasks are o - ver, The ho - li - days have



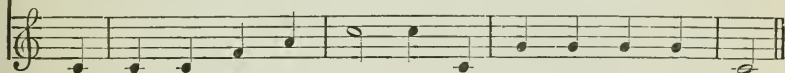
come, And ev - 'ry boy a ro - ver, Can seek his friends and home.



We'll rove the woods at even - ing, Or by the glad sea shore,



When waves are proud - ly heav - ing, We'll pull the spring - ing oar.



With sports and harmless funning,  
Through each long summer day,  
In boating, leaping, running,  
We'll laugh, and sing, and play;  
Still all we've learnt we'll treasure,  
And seek to make it more,  
For knowledge adds to pleasure,  
And truth's a precious store.

CHORUS—Still all we've learnt, &c.

How well to know the reason  
Of all we see around,  
The change of time and season,  
And treasures of the ground;  
To trace on land and ocean  
The work of nature's laws,  
And find in rest and motion  
The same Eternal Cause.

CHORUS—To trace on land, &c.

# WINTER.

*Moderato. f*

O Win - ter time, O Win - ter time, Have we no song to  
 praise thee? The charms of Sum - mer and of Spring, And Au-tumn's prais-es, too, we  
 sing; O Win - ter time, cold Win - ter time, A cho - rus we will raise thee!

We cannot praise thy short dark days;  
 What hast thou to endear thee?  
 Thy mantle is the mist and snow,  
 Thy voice we hear when tempests blow,  
 But strong and bold, though stern and cold;  
 We love thee while we fear thee.

And oh, how bright the Winter night,  
 When stars their watch are keeping!  
 Where countless myriads gem the sky,  
 Orion waves his sword on high,  
 And through the night, so still and bright,  
 He wakes when all are sleeping!

Then Winter time brings Christmas time,  
 With many a household meeting;  
 From school the merry urchin comes,  
 And sunny looks light up our homes;  
 O Christmas time, most blessed time,  
 For all thou hast a greeting.

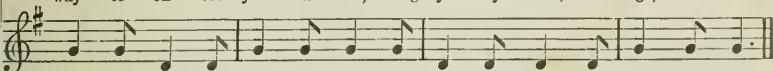
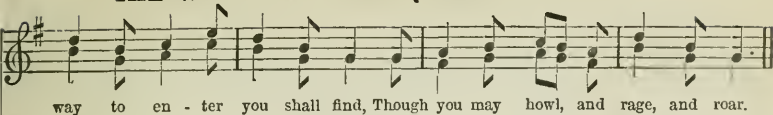
## THE WIND AND THE SQUIRREL.

*Very lively. SQUIRREL.*

Puff! puff! puff! Sir Wil - ful Wind! I'll quick - ly close my lit - tle door, No



# THE WIND AND THE SQUIRREL—continued.

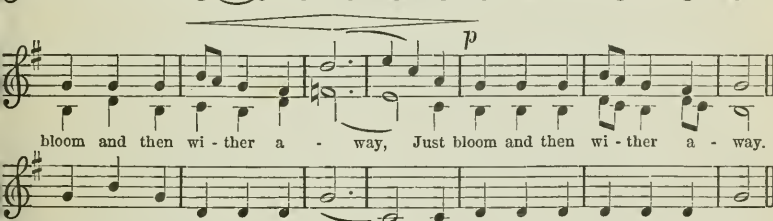
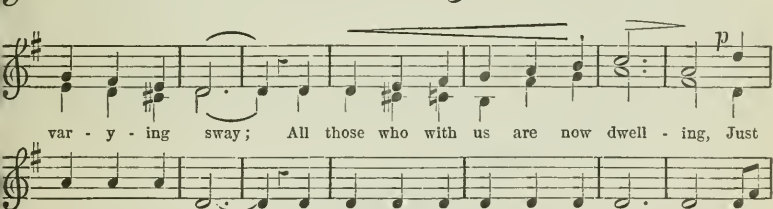


WIND—Though one little door you close,  
I'll find a dozen in your tree;  
Sir Nimble Frisker, don't suppose  
That you can keep out one like me.  
Frisker door and windows barr'd,  
Above, below, before, behind:

Sir Wilful Wind he bluster'd hard,  
But not a cranny could he find;  
Then a savage shriek he gave:  
In his house so safely shut,  
Frisker scarcely heard him rave,  
But sat in peace and crack'd a nut.

## THERE'S NOUGHT THAT CONTINUES UNCHANGING.

*Moderato. mf*



Thus joyfully sitting together,  
United in friendship and glee,  
We gladden the hearts of each other:  
Oh! thus that it ever might be!  
But should we be far from each other,  
Our hearts can be sever'd by none;

And all—yes, we all will be thankful  
When blessings are granted to one.  
And if, during life's weary journey,  
Again we should happen to meet,  
Then shall this, our joyful beginning,  
Be closed by an ending as sweet.

# THE NORTH WIND DOTHS BLOW.

*Moderato. mf* *p*

The north wind doth blow, and we shall have snow, And

what will the Ro - bin do then, poor thing? He'll sit in a barn, And

keep him - self warm, And hide his head un - der his wing, poor thing

*f*

Detailed description: The image shows a musical score for the song 'The North Wind Doth Blow'. It consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The first system is marked 'Moderato. mf' and ends with a 'p' (piano) dynamic. The second system begins with an 'f' (forte) dynamic. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The music is in a simple, folk-like style with a steady rhythm.

The north wind doth blow, and we shall have snow,  
And what will the swallow do then, poor thing?

Oh! do you not know?

He's gone, long ago,

To a country much warmer than ours, poor thing.

The north wind doth blow, and we shall have snow,  
And what will the honey-bee do, poor thing?

In his hive he will stay

Till the cold's pass'd away,

And then he'll come out in the spring, poor thing.

The north wind doth blow, and we shall have snow,  
And what will the dormouse do then, poor thing?

Roll'd up like a ball,

In his nest snug and small,

He'll sleep till warm weather comes back, poor thing.

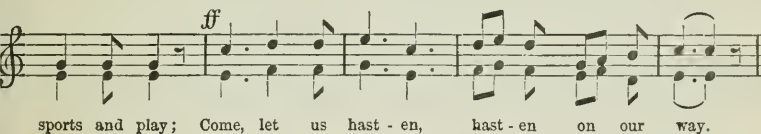
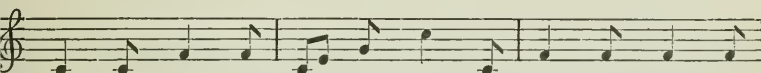
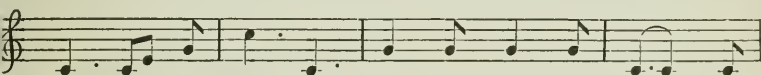
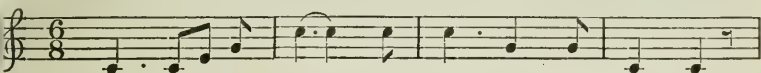
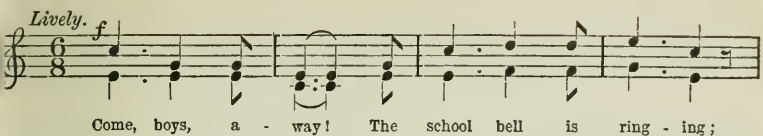
The north wind doth blow, and we shall have snow,  
And what will the children do then, poor things?

When lessons are done,

They'll jump, skip, and run,

And play till they make themselves warm, poor things.

# THE SCHOOL BELL.



Come, let us join  
 Our hearts and our voices,  
 All sing in joyful, happy, happy song;  
 We'll learn to read, and write, and spell,  
 And study all our lessons well;  
 Then let us hasten, hasten on our way.

# HAPPY BOYS.

*Fast. f*

2 or 4 or 8

All work, no play, would make us dull, So at the mo - del\* school, To

*pp*

stud - y and to play in turn Has al - ways been the rule; And all our

fun is jol - ly oh! is jol - ly oh! is jol - ly oh! And all our

*ff*

fun is jol - ly oh! At the pleas - ant mod - el school! We sing, we

we play,

play, we laugh! ah! ah! we laugh! ah! ah! We play, we

we sing, ah! ah! ah! ah! we play,

# HAPPY BOYS—continued.

First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves in G major (one sharp). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are: sing, What hap - py boys are we! Fal la la, fal la la, (marked *pp*).

Second system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. The melody continues in the treble staff. The lyrics are: we sing, What fal la la, fal la la, Fal la la, fal la la, fal la la, la.

Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. The melody continues in the treble staff. The lyrics are: la, la, la, la, Come, boys! now to play a - gain, now to play a - gain, (marked *ff*).

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. The melody continues in the treble staff. The lyrics are: now to play a - gain, Come, boys! now to play a - gain, What hap - py boys are we!

For merry sports on bar or swing  
We're never at a loss,  
And when we tire of these we play  
At cricket or La Crosse.

And then our fun is jolly, &c.

We ne'er get angry, swear, or call  
Each other vulgar names,  
But strive to be young gentlemen  
In playing all our games.

And thus our fun is jolly, &c.

And when, as men, in future years,  
We seek for other joys,  
We'll ne'er forget the model\* school,  
Or games we play'd when boys.  
- For all our fun was jolly, &c.

\* Model, central, or common.

# THE FOX AND GRAPES.

*p* A hun - gry fox one day did spy, *f* Fa la la, fa

*p* la la la la la, Some nice ripe grapes that hung full high,

*f* , Fa la la, fa la la la la la; *p* And as they hung they

seem'd to say, To him who un - der - neath did stay, *p* "If you can

reach me down you may." *ff* Fa la la, fa la la la la la.

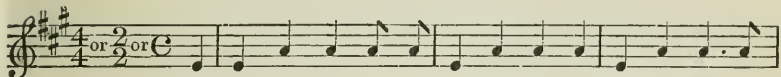


## THE FOX AND GRAPES—continued.

The fox he jump'd, and jump'd again,  
Fa la la, &c.  
And tried to reach them, but in vain,  
Fa la la, &c.

He smack'd his lips for near an hour,  
But found the prize beyond his power,  
And then he said, "The grapes are sour!"  
Fa la la, &c.

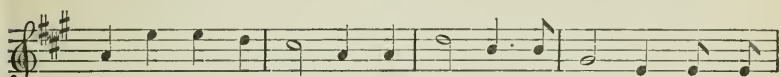
### THE FOX.



The fox jump'd up in a hun - gry plight, And begg'd the moon to



give him light, For he had ma - ny miles to trot that night, Be-



fore he reach'd his den, O! his den, O! his den, O! For he



had ma - ny miles to trot that night, Be - fore he reach'd his den, O!

At last he came to the farmer's yard,  
Where the ducks and geese declared they  
heard  
That their nerves should be shaken and  
their rest be marr'd  
By a visit from Mr Fox, O! fox, O! fox, O!  
That their nerves, &c.

He took the gray goose by the sleeve,  
Says he, "Madam Goose, and by your  
leave,  
I'll carry you away without reprieve,  
And I'll take you to my den, O! den, O!  
den, O!"  
I'll carry, &c.

He took the gray goose by the neck,  
And swung her quite across his back;  
The black duck cried out, "Quack, quack,  
quack!"  
The fox is off to his den, O! den, O!  
den, O!  
The black duck, &c.

Old Mrs Slipper-Slopper jump'd out of  
bed,  
And out of the window popp'd her head;  
"Oh, John, John, John! the gray goose is  
gone! [den, O!]"  
The fox is off to his den, O! den, O!  
Oh, John, &c.

John went up to the top of the hill,  
And blew a blast both loud and shrill;  
Says the fox, "That is very pretty music,  
still  
I'd rather been in my den, O! den, O!  
den, O!"  
Says the fox, &c.

At last the fox got to his den,  
To his dear little foxes, eight, nine, ten;  
Says he, "By good luck there's a good fat  
duck,  
With its legs hanging dangling down, O!  
down, O! down, O!"  
With its legs, &c.

He sat down to dinner with his hungry wife,  
They did very well without fork or knife;  
They never ate a better duck all their life,  
And the little ones pick'd the bones, O! bones, O! bones, O!  
And the little ones, &c.

# SONG ON BEGINNING SCHOOL.

*Moderato. mf*

Through the rest - ful night de - fend - ed, Glad our song of thanks we

sing; I - dle thoughts and words are end - ed, Cheer - ful hearts to work we

*pp*

bring. We are fee - ble; yet we're read - y; Cheer - ful tem - pers, fing - ers

*f*

stead - y, Quick - ly bring as through the day, Quick - ly bring us through the day.

We are met in school with gladness.  
 Eager each our tasks to learn;  
 Idle days must lead to sadness,  
 We were born our bread to earn.  
 Youth is short-lived, life is pressing,  
 All our labours need a blessing;  
 God be with us through the day!

# SONG ON LEAVING SCHOOL.

*Lively. f*

School and work are o'er and done, Raise a cheer - ful mea - sure ;

Now the hap - py eve's be - gun, 'Tis the hour of plea - sure.

*p* Those who come with cheer - ful heart, Love their task and do their part,

*f* Most en - joy their lei - sure, Most en - joy their lei - sure.

Glad each morn to school we go,  
Girl (Boy) with girl (boy) returning:  
Seeds of knowledge glad we sow;  
Future harvests earning.  
Now to play with joy we run;  
There's a time for mirth and fun,  
And a time for learning.

Yet our happy thoughts, 'tis right,  
Graver thoughts should lend us;  
God be with us through the night,—  
Health and wisdom send us.  
God preserve our Queen and land,  
Keep our parents in His hand,  
And for aye defend us.

# VACATION SONG.

*mf*

A - way o - ver moun-tain, a - way o - ver plain! A - way, a -

- way, a - way! Va - ca - tion has come with its plea - sures a - gain!

*p*

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Where young steps are bound - ing, and

young hearts are gay, To fun and to fro - lic a - way, boys, a - way!

*f*

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! A - way, a - way, a - way!

## VACATION SONG—continued.

We've sought your approval with hearty  
 Away, away, away! [good will,  
 We "old ones" have spoken, we young ones  
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! [sat still,  
 But now 'tis all over, we're off to our play,  
 Nor will think of a school-book for three  
 weeks to day,  
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!  
 Away, away, away!

The merry bells jingle, the steeds prance  
 Away, away, away! [along,  
 Beating time as they go to the driver's glad  
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! [song,  
 Now snow-balls are flying, and down to the  
 bay

Our companions are hastening with skates  
 and with sleigh:  
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!  
 Away, away, away!

Kind friends all adieu, and we trust you  
 Away, away, away! [have seen,  
 How industrious, how earnest, how studi-  
 ous we've been,  
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! [done,  
 Our teachers are weary, our lessons are  
 Our parents are pleased, and dear Christ-  
 mas has come,  
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!  
 Away, away, away!

Dear comrades, farewell, ye who join us  
 Away, away, away! [no more,  
 Think life is a school, and till term-time is  
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! [o'er,  
 Oh! meet unrepining each task that is  
 given, [heaven—  
 Till our time of probation is ended in  
 Ended in heaven! ended in heaven!  
 Farewell! farewell! farewell!

### A PRAYER FOR LIBERTY.

*Moderate.*

God of our fa - ther - land! Land of the free! Raise up a

faith - ful band Va - liant for Thee! Through our do - min - ion's pale, Oh!

*p Slow.*

may there nev - er fail, Hearts pledged, what-e'er as - sail, Stead - fast to be.

Oh! may the earnest power  
 Truth can impart,  
 Be every Briton's dower,  
 Fire every heart,—  
 Till the advancing light,  
 And the victorious might,  
 Of all that's good and right  
 Never depart!

May justice, truth, and love  
 Still be their care!  
 Rather than traitor prove,  
 Death even dare!  
 Boldly for freedom stand,  
 Bow but to her command,—  
 God of our fatherland  
 Hear, hear our prayer!

# THREE BLIND MICE.

(ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.)

[The Original.]

1 Three blind mice, Three blind  
2 See how they run, See how they  
3 They all ran af - ter the far-mer's wife, Who cut off their tails with a  
mice, Three blind mice,  
run, See how they run.  
carv - ing knife: Did ev - er you hear such a thing in your life?

## First Adaptation.

Three young flies,  
Three young flies,  
Three young flies;  
Hark! how they buz,  
Hark! how they buz,  
Hark! how they buz;  
They all flew into a grocer's shop, [top,  
Where stood a blue jar without cover or  
And into the honey jar all of them drop;  
Three young flies, &c.

## Second Adaptation.

Three silly boys,  
Three silly boys,  
Three silly boys;  
See how they blush,  
See how they blush,  
See how they blush;  
They all stole into the pastry-cook's,  
To study the pastry instead of their books,  
Till in at the window their teacher he  
Three silly boys, &c. [looks;

# WHITE SAND AND GRAY SAND.

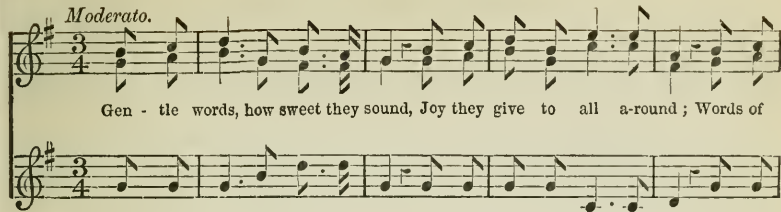
(ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.)

1 White sand and gray sand. 2  
2 Who'll buy my white sand? 3  
3 Who'll buy my gray sand? 1

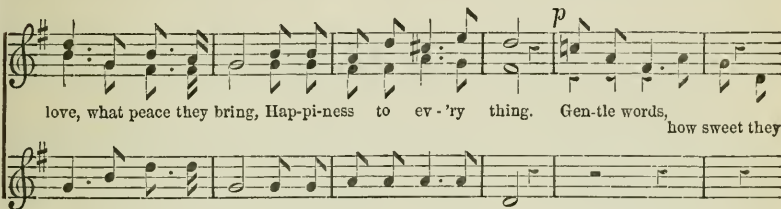


# GENTLE WORDS.

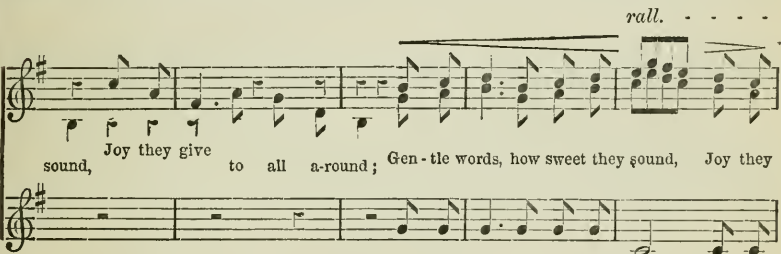
*Moderato.*



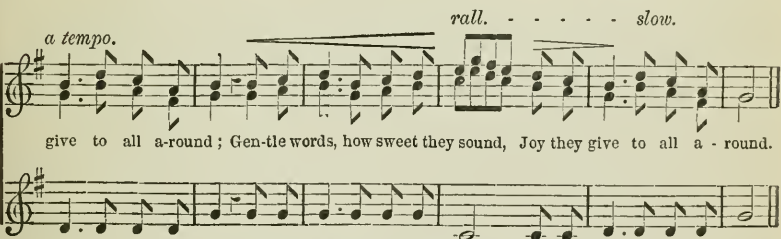
Gen - tle words, how sweet they sound, Joy they give to all a-round ; Words of



love, what peace they bring, Hap-pi-ness to ev-'ry thing. Gen-tle words, how sweet they



sound, Joy they give to all a-round ; Gen-tle words, how sweet they sound, Joy they



give to all a-round ; Gen-tle words, how sweet they sound, Joy they give to all a - round.

Gentle words will reach the heart,  
Balm to sorrow they impart ;  
Loving words are sweet to hear,  
Joining hearts to others dear.

Gentle words then freely give,  
They will teach you how to live ;  
They to you are freely given,  
Angels whisper them from heaven.

# THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

*Majestically.* *f*

4 or 2 or C

Bri - tan - nia the pride of the o - cean, The home of the

brave and the free; The shrine of each pa - triot's de - vo - tion, A

*p*

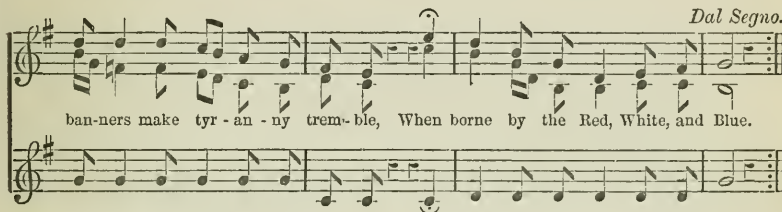
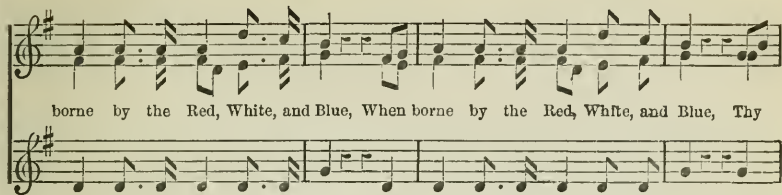
world of - fers hom - age to thee! Thy man - dates make he - roes as -

- sem - ble, When lib - er - ty's form stands in view; Thy ban - ners make

*f*; *G*: CHORUS.

tyr - an - ny trem - ble, When borne by the Red, White, and Blue, When

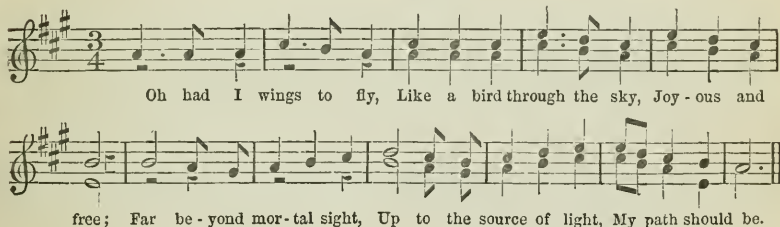
## THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE—continued.



When war waged its wide desolation,  
And threaten'd our land to deform,  
The ark then of freedom's foundation,  
Old England, rode safe through the storm.  
With her garland of victory o'er her,  
So bravely she bore her bold crew,  
With her flag floating proudly before her,  
The boast of the Red, White, and Blue.  
The boast of, &c.

The wine cup, the wine cup bring hither,  
And fill it full up to the brim: [wither,  
May the wreaths they have won never  
Nor the star of their glory grow dim;  
May the service united ne'er sever,  
But each to their colors prove true,  
The army and navy for ever, [Blue.  
Three cheers for the Red, White, and  
Three cheers, &c.

## THE WISH.



High o'er the mountain's crest,  
Where the last sunbeams rest,  
At close of day;  
Had I but wings to soar  
Where the sun sets no more,  
I would away.  
Or when the stars at night,  
Spangle the sky with light,  
I would be there;

Join then my hymn of love  
With that bright choir above,  
Floating in air.  
But, ah! I cannot rise,  
Like a bird, through the skies,  
I cannot fly;  
Only my heart can spring,  
Only my thoughts take wing,  
To God on high.

# MY NATIVE LAND.

For the bless-ings that sur-round me, Thanks to thee, my

na-tive land! Strong-er love than ev-er bound me, Vow I thee, with heart and

hand. Not with words and not with sing-ing On-ly, will I thank-ful

be; But with deeds will I be bring-ing, In thy need, my thanks to thee.

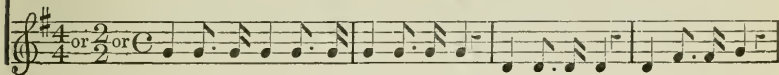
As in joy, so yet in sorrow,  
 Still I say to friend and foe,  
 Let us all, to-day, to-morrow,  
 By her stand in weal and woe!  
 For the blessings that surround me,  
 Thanks to thee, my native land!  
 Stronger love than ever bound me,  
 Vow I thee, with heart and hand.

# TELL ME THE TALES THAT TO ME WERE SO DEAR.

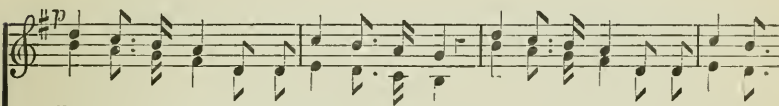
*Smoothly.*



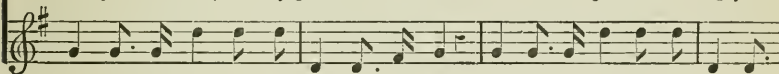
Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, long a - go, long, long a - go ;



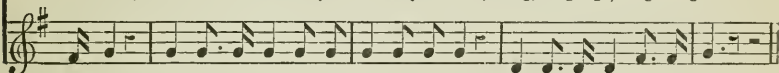
Sing me the songs I de - light - ed to hear, Long, long a - go, long a - go.



Now you are come, all my grief is re - moved Let me for - get that so long you



have roved ; Let me be - lieve that you love as you loved, Long, long a - go, long a - go.



Do you remember the path where we met,  
Long, long ago, long, long ago?

Ah! yes; you told me you ne'er would  
forget,

Long, long ago, long ago.

Then to all others my smile you prefer'd ;  
Love when you spoke gave a charm to each  
word ;

Still my heart treasures the praises I heard,  
Long, long ago, long ago.

Though by your kindness my fond hopes  
were raised,

Long, long ago, long, long ago ;

You by more eloquent lips have been

Long, long ago, long ago ; [praised,

But by long absence your truth has been  
tried,

Still to your accents I listen with pride,

Blest as I was when I sat by your side,

Long, long ago, long ago.

# DEFENCE, AND NOT DEFIANCE.

*Boldly. f*

The sun looks down with smil-ing beams On this our na-tive soil, And

bles-es with his cheer-ing gleams The har-dy sons of toil; Her sons, whose sin-ews

are of steel, Whose hearts are true and brave, Who, ere they would to foe-man yield, Would

*f* CHORUS.

fill the pa-triot's grave. Tho' arm'd we be, on land and sea, And first in war-like

*Repeat ff*

sci-ence, Our mot-to is, and e'er shall be, De-fence, and not de-fi-ance.

*D. C. al Segno.*



## DEFENCE, AND NOT DEFIANCE—continued.

Our ships of war are clad in steel,  
And arm'd with weapons strong,  
Can brave at sea each trying gale,  
And haste like birds along;  
But never shall their guns be heard,  
Unless in honor's cause,  
When call'd our sea-girt land to guard,  
Or vindicate our laws.

CHORUS—Though arm'd, &c.

The gory hand of war we hate,  
The carnage of the field;  
And mourn when'er compell'd by fate  
Our polish'd blades to yield;  
The hand of peace we fondly take,  
And hail the joyous years [make,  
When ploughshares men from swords will  
And pruning-hooks from spears.

CHORUS—Though arm'd, &c.

### THE MODEL \* SCHOOL.

#### SECOND ARRANGEMENT.

Let others sing of fancied bliss,  
Of pleasures that endear,  
The joys of that, the sweets of this,  
Or wail for woes they fear;  
I'll sing the hours of sweet content,  
Of innocence and toys,  
When to the Model School I went,  
With other girls and boys.  
'Tis a happy theme, like a golden  
dream  
Its mem'ry seems to be,  
And I'll sing so long as I've voice  
or tongue,  
The Model School for me.

Together we our whole lives long  
Would spend in gladness here;

The gladdening smile, the cheerful song,  
To us are ever dear.  
Then deeper, deeper will we toil  
In the mines of knowledge,  
And nature's wealth and learning's spoil  
We'll win from school and college.  
'Tis a happy theme, &c.

As streams are ever gliding,  
As shadows quickly fly,  
As time its course is guiding,  
Our hours for study by;  
Oh! let our steps be hasten'd  
From every evil way,  
And let our joys be chasten'd  
By pure religion's sway.  
'Tis a happy theme, &c.

\* Model, central, or common.

### EVENING HYMN.

*mf* *p*

Je - sus ten - der Shep-herd, hear me; Bless Thy lit - tle lambs to-

*mf* *pp*

night: Thro' the dark-ness be Thou near me, Watch my sleep till morn-ing light.

All this day Thy hand has led me,  
And I thank Thee for Thy care;  
Thou hast clothed me, warm'd, and fed me,  
Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven,  
Bless the friends I love so well;  
Take me when I die to heaven,  
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

# THE ALPINE SHEPHERD.

*Allegro.*

From wild Al - pine moun - tains, My birth - place and home, Power,

rich - es, nor beau - ty Could tempt me to roam, Could tempt me to

roam; There foun - tains flow clear - est, And bright - est flowers spring; There

sweet - ly at even - ing The shep - herd bells ring; There fountains flow clear - est, And

bright flow - ers spring; There sweet - ly at eve - ning The shep - herd bells ring.

## THE ALPINE SHEPHERD—continued.

I gaze on the hamlets,  
Close cluster'd beneath ;  
Then turn, those pure breezes  
More gladly to breathe ;  
Nor vain noise or sorrow  
Here ever come nigh ;  
To gay mountain ditties  
I tune my *schal mei* ;  
Nor vain noise or sorrow  
Here ever come nigh.

And though wintry rigors  
To vales drive me down ;  
I know for a season  
Hath summer but flown ;  
Once more comes the summer,  
I seek thy free heights,  
Dear Alpland, my heart's home,  
My world of delights—  
Dear Alpland, my heart's home,  
My world of delights.

## DIRTY JIM.

*Lively.*

There was one lit - tle Jim, 'Tis re - port - ed of him, And 'twill  
be to his last - ing dis - grace, That he nev - er was seen With  
hands at all clean, Nor ev - er yet wash'd was his face.

His friends were much hurt  
To see so much dirt,  
And often they made him quite clean ;  
But all was in vain,  
He was dirty again,  
And never was fit to be seen.  
When to wash he was sent,  
Never gladly he went,  
With water he'd splash himself o'er ;

But he seldom was seen  
To wash himself clean,  
And often look'd worse than before.  
The idle and bad,  
Like this little lad,  
May be dirty and black to be sure ;  
But good boys are seen  
To be decent and clean,  
Although they are ever so poor.

# CHRISTMAS CAROL—SHEPHERDS WATCHING.

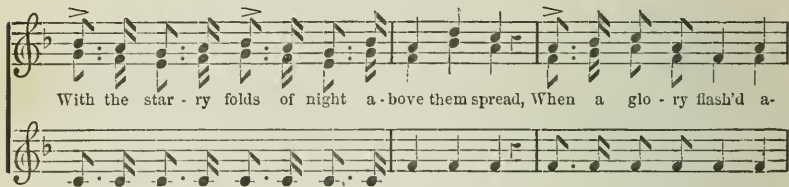
*Lively.*



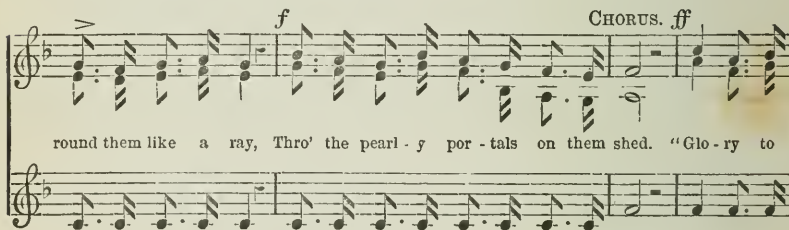
They were watch - ing on the hill - side for the com - ing day,



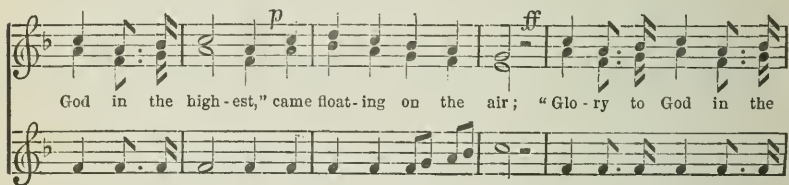
With the star - ry folds of night a - bove them spread, When a glo - ry flash'd a -



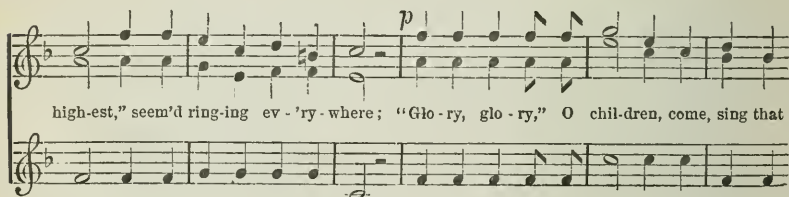
round them like a ray, Thro' the pearl - y por - tals on them shed. "Glo - ry to



God in the high - est," came float - ing on the air; "Glo - ry to God in the



high - est," seem'd ring - ing ev - 'ry - where; "Glo - ry, glo - ry," O chil - dren, come, sing that



## SHEPHERDS WATCHING—continued.

song a - gain, "Glo - ry to God in the high-est, good will and peace to men."

The musical notation consists of two staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). It features a melody with a forte (ff) dynamic marking. The second staff continues the melody with a similar rhythmic pattern.

Louder swell the joyful anthems for the angel throng,  
Over hill and dale the strains enchanted float;  
See the wond'ring shepherds listening to the song,  
Trembling, yet rejoicing at the sight.

CHORUS—"Glory to God in the highest," &c.

O the joyful, joyful tidings! for to you is born,  
Christ, the wondrous Saviour, and the mighty King;  
Hail, ye waiting nations! hail the happy morn,  
Joyful tidings now to you I bring.

CHORUS—"Glory to God in the highest," &c.

## MAY DOES EVERY FRAGRANCE BRING.

(ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.)

1 May does ev - 'ry fra - grance bring:

2 Dry - ads, deck'd with myr - tles green,

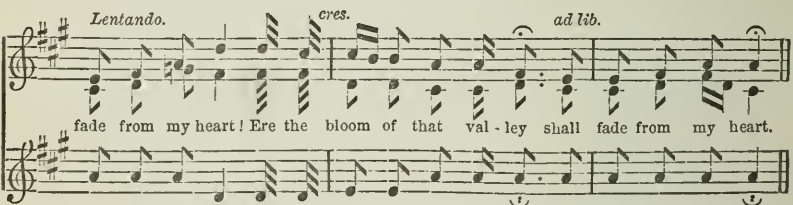
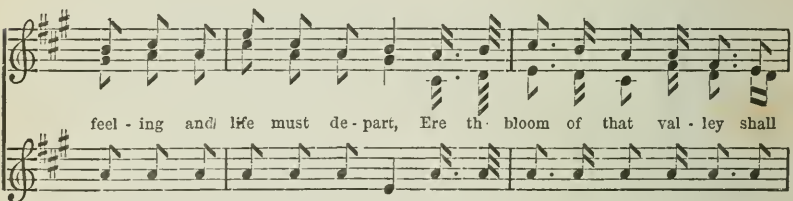
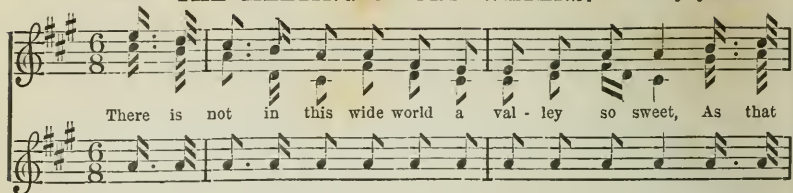
3 Blush - ing flowers in beau - ty rise, Dif-

2 All the ver - nal bloom of spring,

3 Dane - ing ev - 'ry - where are seen;

1 fus - ing o - dors to the skies.

The musical notation is arranged in three systems, each with three staves labeled 1, 2, and 3. Each staff has a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the corresponding staves. The first system ends with a repeat sign, and the second system ends with a double bar line. The third system ends with a repeat sign.



Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene,  
 Her purest of crystal, and brightest of green;  
 'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill;  
 Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still.  
 'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, was near,  
 Who made ev'ry dear scene of enchantment more dear;  
 And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve,  
 When we see them reflected from looks that we love.  
 Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest  
 In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,  
 Where the storms which we feel in this cold world would cease,  
 And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace!

\* "The Meeting of the Waters" forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the county of Wicklow, and these lines were suggested to the poet by a visit to this romantic spot in the year 1807.

† The rivers Avon and Avoca.



# BONNIE DOON.

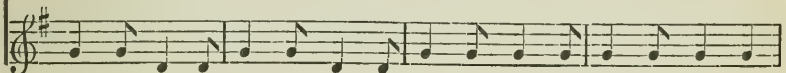
*Andante.*



Ye banks and braes o' bon-nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair? How



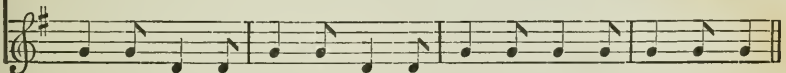
can ye chant, ye lit-tle birds, And I sae wear-y, fu' o' care? Thou'lt



break my heart, thou warb-ling bird, That wan-tons through the flow'r-ing thorn; Thou



mind'st me o' de-part-ed joys, De-part-ed nev-er to re-turn.



Oft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,  
To see the rose and woodbine twine;  
And ilka bird sang o' its love,  
And fondly sae did I o' mine.  
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,  
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;  
But my fause lover stole my rose,  
And, ha! he left the thorn wi' me.

# ROW! ROW!

(A RIVER SONG.)

*mf* *p*

Row! row! home-ward we steer, Twi-light falls o'er us; Hark!

hark! music is near, Friends glide be-fore us! Song light-ens our

la-bor, Sing as on-ward we go, Keep, each with his neigh-bor,

*f*

Time as we flow; Row! row! home-ward we go, Twi-light falls

o'er us; Row! row! sing as we flow; Day flies be-fore us.

## ROW! ROW!—continued.

Row! row! sing as we go!  
 Nature rejoices;  
 Hark! how the hills, as we flow,  
 Echo our voices!  
 Still o'er the dark waters  
 Far away we must roam,  
 Ere Canada's daughters  
 Welcome us home.  
 Row! row! homeward we go,  
 Twilight falls o'er us;  
 Row! row! sing as we flow,  
 Day flies before us.  
 Row! row! see, in the west,  
 Lights dimly burning,

Friends in yon harbour of rest  
 Wait our returning.  
 See! now they burn clearer;  
 Keep time with the oar;  
 Now, now we are nearer  
 Our happy shore!  
 Home, home, daylight is o'er,  
 Friends stand before us;  
 Yet, ere our boat touch the shore,  
 Once more the chorus:  
 Row! row! homeward we steer,  
 Twilight falls o'er us;  
 Hark! hark! music is near,  
 Friends glide before us.

## SUMMER EVENING.

*Smoothly.*

How calm is eve - ning's qui - et light, Great Na - ture's

face how fair, When o'er the wood - land bends the night, And

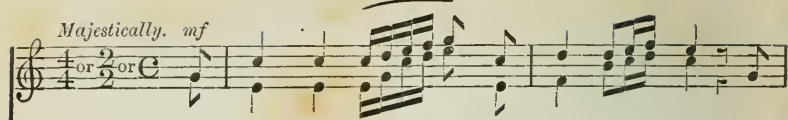
hush'd lie earth and air, And hush'd lie earth and air!

How radiant shines yon heaven, rife  
 With stars in bright accord,  
 Each praising, while its light hath life,  
 The power of God the Lord!

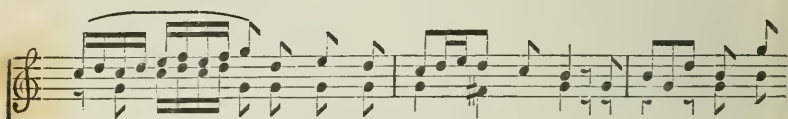
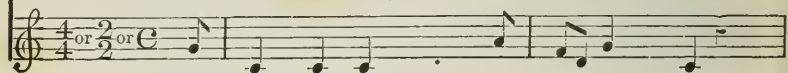
The voice of truth then seems to say,  
 Through all eternity,  
 As far as moon and starry ray,  
 Our deathless lives shall be.

# RULE, BRITANNIA.

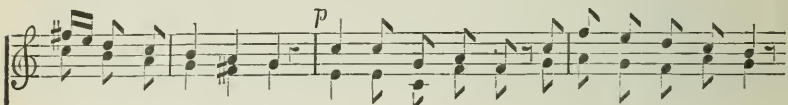
*Majestically. mf*



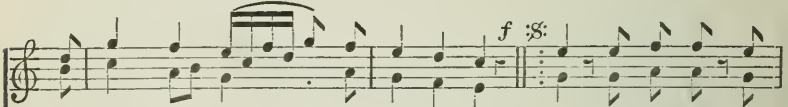
When Bri - tain first, at Heaven's com - mand, A -



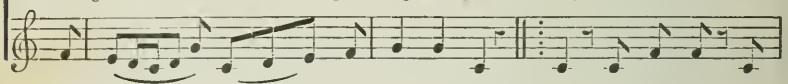
A - rose - - - from out the a - zure main, A - rose, a - rose



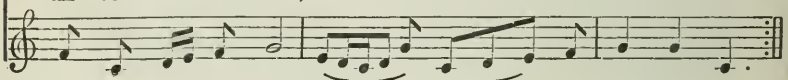
from out the a - zure main, This was the char - ter, the char - ter of the land,



And guar - dian an - gels sang the strain: Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri -



tan - nia rule the waves; Bri - tons nev - er shall be slaves!



## RULE, BRITANNIA—continued.

The nations not so blest as thee,  
Shall in their turn to tyrants bend,  
While thou shalt flourish, great and free,  
And to the weak protection lend.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise  
Triumphant from each foreign stroke,  
As the loud blast that rends the skies  
Serves but to root thy native oak.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,  
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;  
And far across the spreading main,  
Lands now unknown shall yet be thine.  
Rule, Britannia, &c.

## AULD LANG SYNE.

*Lively.*

Should auld ac-quaint-ance be for - got, And nev - er brought to min'? Should

ould ac-quaint-ance be for - got, And days o' lang syne? For auld lang syne, my

dear, For auld lang syne, We'll tak a cup o' kind-ness yet For auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e ran about the braes,  
And pu'd the gowans fine;  
But we've wander'd mony a weary fit  
Sin' auld lang syne.

And there's a hand, my trusty friend,  
And gi'e's a hand o' thine;  
And we'll tak a richt guid willie waught  
For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, &c.

We twa ha'e paidlet in the burn,  
Frae morning sun till dine;  
But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd  
Sin' auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, &c.

For auld lang syne, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint stoup,  
And surely I'll be mine;  
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet  
For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, &c.

## A MORNING PRAYER.

*f* *p*

I thank Thee, Lord, for quiet rest, And for Thy care of

*f* *p*

me; Oh let me through this day be blest, And kept from harm by Thee.

Oh take my naughty heart away,  
And make me clean and good;  
Lord Jesus, save my soul, I pray,  
And wash me in Thy blood.  
Oh let me love Thee; kind Thou art,  
To children such as I:

Give me a gentle, holy heart;  
Be Thou my friend on high.  
Help me to please my parents dear,  
And do whate'er they tell;  
Bless all my friends, both far and near,  
And keep them safe and well.

## EVENING HYMN.

Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not

night, if Thou be near; Oh may no earth-born cloud a -



# EVENING HYMN—continued.

*Last verse.*

- rise, To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes. A - men.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
My wearied eyelids gently steep,  
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest  
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without Thee I cannot live;  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without Thee I dare not die.

Amen.

## EVENING HYMN.

A - bid with me; fast falls the ev - en - tide; The dark - ness

deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bid. When o - ther help - ers fail, and

*Last verse.*

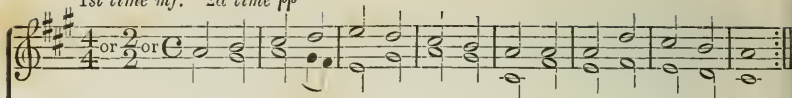
com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, oh a - bid with me! A - men.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little  
day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass  
away;  
Change and decay in all around I see;  
O Thou who changest not, abide with  
me.

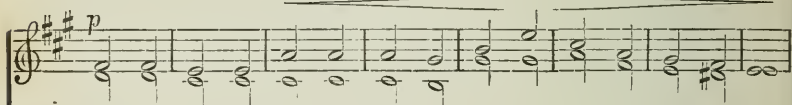
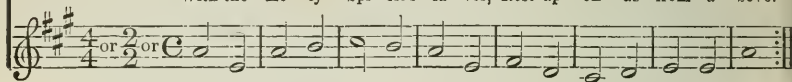
I need Thy presence every passing hour;  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's  
power?  
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can  
be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide  
with me. Amen.

# DISMISSION.

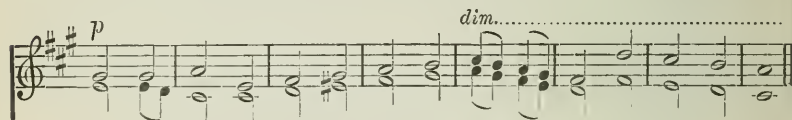
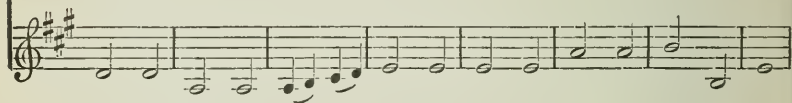
1st time *mf.* 2d time *pp*



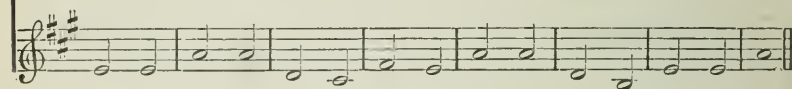
May the grace of Christ our Sav-iour, And the Fa-ther's boundless love,  
With the Ho-ly Spi-rit's fa-vor, Rest up-on us from a-bove.



Thus may we a-bide in un-ion With each o-ther in the Lord,



And pos-sess in sweet com-mu-nion, Joys which earth can-not af-ford.



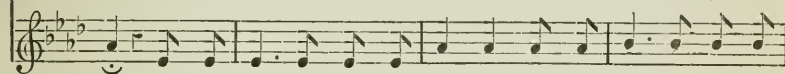
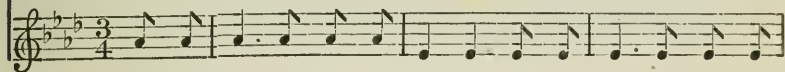
## BLESS THEM, &c.

(ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.)

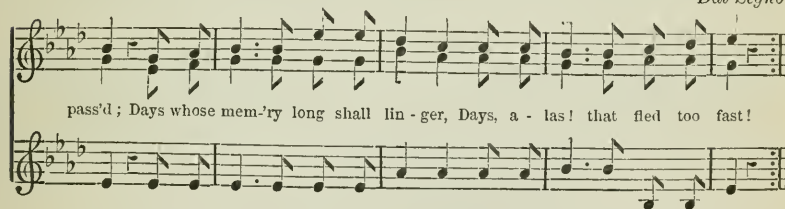
1		2
	Bless them that curse you, do	
2		3
	good to them that hate you, and	
3		1
	pray for them that hurt you.	

# FAREWELL TO A TEACHER.

H. F. S.



*Dal Segno.*



Oh, the throbbing heart grows weary,  
Tears of sorrow dim the eye,  
As to some beloved and dear one,  
Trembling lips pronounce "Good-  
bye."  
Ours is now the sad emotion,  
Ours this parting pang to feel;  
And the weeping eye confesses,  
What the heart would fain conceal.

Here though never more we meet thee,  
Let us hope to meet above;  
Truth and faith shall upward bear us  
To the blessed home of love.  
Let us hope to meet in heaven,  
Meet 'mid joys no tongue can tell;  
Teacher, friend, companion, sister,  
(brother,)  
Till that time,—farewell! farewell!

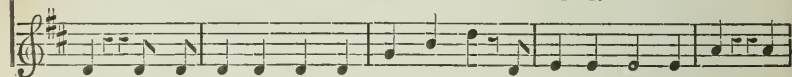
# THE HOLIDAYS.



Hur - rah! for the school-boy's hap - py lot, The school-girl's sun - ny



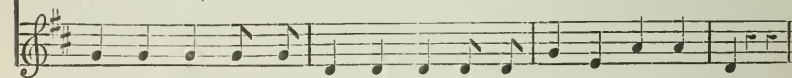
hours; And the Ho - li - days that fill with praise, This hap - py land of ours. Hur -



rah - for the Old Year roll - ing out, And the New Year roll - ing in; For the



tasks well done, and a race well run, And the sports we now be - gin.



Hurrah ! for the frosty days,  
And the stormy winds that blow  
In echoes loud, from the driving cloud,  
That sheds the Christmas snow.  
Hurrah ! for our homes, our bright, free homes,  
With all their founts of joy ;  
For the schools that tell from turret-bell,  
How we our days employ.

*(Repeat music from \* for this verse.)*

Hurrah ! once more for the school-boy's lot,  
The school-girl's sunny hours ;  
And these Holidays that fill with praise,  
This happy land of ours.

# APPENDIX.

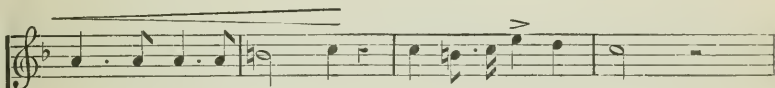
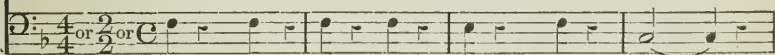
## SECULAR.

### LIST TO THE CONVENT BELLS.

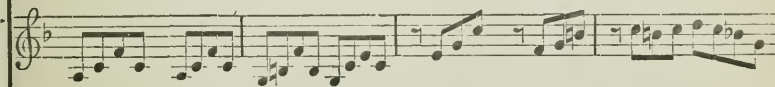
*Moderate. mf*



List! 'tis mu-sic steal - ing, O - ver the rip-pling sea,



Bright yon moon is beam - ing, O - ver each tower and tree ;



# LIST TO THE CONVENT BELLS—continued.

*p* List! 'tis mu - sic steal - ing, O - ver the rip - pling sea,

Bright yon moon is beam - ing, O - ver each tower and tree; The

*p* waves seem list - 'ning to their sound, As si - lent - ly they



# LIST TO THE CONVENT BELLS—continued.

*p*  
 flow, O'er cor - al groves and fair - y ground, And spark - ling caves be -

- low. List 'tis mu - sic steal - ing, O - ver the rip - pling

sea, Bright yon moon is beam - ing, O - ver each

# LIST TO THE CONVENT BELLS—continued.

The musical score is written for a vocal soloist and piano accompaniment. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has three vocal staves and a grand piano (GP) section. The second system has two vocal staves and a grand piano section. The piano part features a complex, flowing melody in the right hand and a more rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand. The vocal parts enter with the lyrics 'tower and tree. List! List! List! to the Con-vent Bells.' and 'List! List! List to the Con-vent Bells!'. The score includes dynamic markings such as *pp* (pianissimo), *cres.* (crescendo), and *f* (forte), as well as a tempo marking of *Slow.* (Adagio).

*pp* *cres.*

tower and tree. List! List! List! to the Con-vent

*pp* *f* *Slow.*

Bells. List! List! List to the Con-vent Bells!

Music sounds the sweetest,  
When on the moonlit sea;  
Our bark sails the fleetest,  
To a sweet melody;

And, as we're gently sailing,  
We'll sing that plaintive strain,  
Which mem'ry makes endearing,  
And home recalls again.  
List! 'tis music, &c.

# ALL'S WELL.

(DUET FOR TWO TENORS OR BASSES.)

*Moderato.*

*cres. ....*

De - sert - ed by the wan - ing moon, When skies pro - claim night's

cheer - less noon, On tower, or fort, or tent - ed ground, The sen - try walks his

lone - ly round, The sen - try walks his lone - ly round,

# ALL'S WELL—continued.

*f* *pp* *Allegro p*

The sen - try walks his lone - ly round. And should some foot-step

hap - ly stray, Where cau - tion marks the guard - ed way, Where cau - tion marks the

guard - ed way, the guard - ed way. *f* Who goes there?

# ALL'S WELL—continued.

A musical score for the song "All's Well". The score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The music is arranged in three systems. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line with lyrics and the piano accompaniment. The third system concludes the vocal line and includes a piano solo. Dynamics include *p* (piano), *f* (forte), and *pp* (pianissimo).

A friend. Good night.

Strang-er quick-ly tell! The word? All's . . .

All's well. Good night, All's well!

well, All's . . . well. The word?

Or sailing on the midnight deep,  
 While weary messmates soundly sleep,  
 The careful watch patrols the deck,  
 To guard the ship from foes or wreck.  
 And while his thoughts oft homeward veer,  
 Some friendly voice salutes his ear;  
 What cheer? Brother, quickly tell!  
 Above,—below; all's well, &c.

# THE ROCK BESIDE THE SEA.

(DUET FOR TWO TREBLES.)

*Moderato. mf*

Oh! tell me not the woods are fair, Now Spring is on her

way; Well well I know how bright - ly there In joy the young leaves

*p*

play; How sweet, on winds of morn or eve, The vio-let's breath may

*f*

be: Yet ask me, woo me not to leave My lone rock by the

*Slow.*

sea; Yet ask me, woo me not to leave My lone rock by the sea.

The wild waves' thunder on the shore,  
The curlew's restless cries,  
Unto my watching heart are more  
Than all earth's melodies.

Come back, my ocean rover, come!  
There's but one place for me,  
Till I can greet thy swift sail home—  
My lone rock by the sea.



# THE MURMURING SEA.

(DUET.)

*Moderato.*

*mf*

Mur-mur-ing sea! beau-ti-ful sea! How I love to list to thy

This system contains the first three staves of the musical score. The top staff is the vocal line for the first voice, the middle staff is for the second voice, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment. The time signature is 6/8. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

mel-o-dy! When the winds are still in thy rock-y caves, And the

This system contains the next three staves of the musical score, continuing the vocal and piano parts from the first system.

sweet stars glance on thy pur-ple waves, And the sweet stars glance on thy

This system contains the next three staves of the musical score, continuing the vocal and piano parts.

*p* 2d VOICE.

pur-ple waves; 'Tis then I dream of the dis-tant land, Where I left a

This system contains the final three staves of the musical score on this page, including the second vocal part and piano accompaniment.

# THE MURMURING SEA—continued.

lov - ing and joy - ous band; Oh! dear - er than ev - er they seem to be, As I

This system consists of a vocal melody line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The music is in 4/4 time. The vocal line begins with a piano (p) dynamic marking.

muse on the shore of the mur - mur - ing sea! As I muse on the shore of the

This system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line remains in treble clef. The piano accompaniment continues in grand staff. The music maintains the same key signature and time signature.

*Slow* - - - *A tempo.*  
mur - mur - ing sea, mur - mur - ing sea, beau - ti - ful sea! Oh! dear - er than

1st VOICE.

2d VOICE.

This system introduces a tempo change from 'Slow' to 'A tempo.' The vocal line is marked '1st VOICE' and the piano accompaniment is marked '2d VOICE'. The piano part features a more active, rhythmic accompaniment with many beamed eighth and sixteenth notes.

ev - er they seem to be, As we muse on the shore of the mur - mur - ing sea, The

This system concludes the piece. The vocal line continues in treble clef, and the piano accompaniment continues in grand staff. The music returns to the original tempo and key signature.

# THE MURMURING SEA—continued.

sea! beau - ti - ful

mur - mur - ing, mur - mur - ing sea! Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful sea!

This system consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef. The bottom two staves are a grand staff in bass clef, with the left hand playing a simple harmonic accompaniment and the right hand playing chords. The music is in 4/4 time and features a key signature of one sharp (F#).

sea! Mur - mur - ing beau - ti - ful

beau - ti - ful sea! Oh! mur - mur - ing, mur - mur - ing sea!

This system continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It maintains the same instrumental arrangement and musical style.

sea! Mur-mur-ing sea! beau - ti - ful

Beau - ti - ful sea, mur-mur-ing sea! Beau - ti - ful, beau-ti-ful sea!

This system concludes the musical piece. The melody and accompaniment follow the same pattern as the previous systems, ending with a final chord.

1ST VOICE—Murmuring sea! beautiful sea!  
 I no more shall sail o'er thy waters free;  
 But I watch the ships till they fade from sight  
 And my fancy follows their trackless flight,  
 2D VOICE—Bounding away to their destined mart,  
 To the land so dear to my loving heart!  
 BOTH—Murmuring sea! beautiful sea! &c.

# THE MIDNIGHT MOON.

*Moderato.*

The mid - night moon is beau - ti - ful, When ris - ing from the

This system contains the first line of music. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are: "The mid - night moon is beau - ti - ful, When ris - ing from the".

sea ; She guides the wan-d'ring mar - i - ner A - cross the wa - ters

This system contains the second line of music. The lyrics are: "sea ; She guides the wan-d'ring mar - i - ner A - cross the wa - ters".

free. The shin - ing stars are el - o - quent With - in their gold - en

This system contains the third line of music. The lyrics are: "free. The shin - ing stars are el - o - quent With - in their gold - en".

spheres, When oft be - fore the mus - ing mind They bring the lost of years.

This system contains the fourth line of music. The lyrics are: "spheres, When oft be - fore the mus - ing mind They bring the lost of years."

# THE MIDNIGHT MOON—continued.

The mid - night moon is beau - ti - ful, When ris - ing from the

sea; She guides the wan-d'ring mar - i - ner A - cross the wa - ters

free. The mid - night moon is beau - ti - ful, When ris - ing from the

# THE MIDNIGHT MOON—continued.

sea ;      The mid-night moon is beau - ti - ful, When ris - ing from the sea.

This musical score is for the song 'THE MIDNIGHT MOON—continued.' It features a vocal melody in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: 'sea ;      The mid-night moon is beau - ti - ful, When ris - ing from the sea.' The score includes a piano accompaniment with a bass line and a treble line. The melody is marked with a 'p' (piano) dynamic.

## HAIL, SMILING MORN.

Hail, . . . smil-ing morn, smil-ing morn, That tips the hills with gold, that

Hail,      hail, smil-ing morn, smil-ing morn, That tips the hills with gold, that

Hail,      hail, smil-ing morn, smil-ing morn, That tips the hills with gold, that

Hail,      hail, smil-ing morn, smil-ing morn, . . . . . that

This musical score is for the song 'HAIL, SMILING MORN.' It is in 6/8 time and G major. The lyrics are: 'Hail, . . . smil-ing morn, smil-ing morn, That tips the hills with gold, that'. The score includes a vocal melody in G major (one flat) and 6/8 time. The lyrics are: 'Hail, . . . smil-ing morn, smil-ing morn, That tips the hills with gold, that'. The score includes a piano accompaniment with a bass line and a treble line. The melody is marked with a 'p' (piano) dynamic.



# HAIL, SMILING MORN—continued.

tips the hills with gold, Whose ro - sy fin-gers ope the gates of day, . . .

tips the hills with gold, Whose ro - sy fin-gers ope the gates of day, . . .

tips the hills with gold, Whose ro - sy fin-gers ope the gates of day, . . .

tips the hills with gold, Whose ro - sy fin-gers ope the gates of day, . . .

tips the hills with gold, Whose ro - sy fin-gers ope the gates of day, . . .

. . . . . Ope the gates, the gates of day, hail,

. . . . . Ope the gates, the gates of day, hail,

. . . . . Ope the gates of day, Ope the gates, the gates of day, hail,

. . . . . Ope the gates, the gates of day, hail,

. . . . . Ope the gates, the gates of day, hail,

# HAIL, SMILING MORN—continued.

hail, hail. Who the gay face of Na-ture doth un - fold, . . . .

hail, hail, hail. Who the gay face of Na-ture doth un - fold, Who the gay

hail, hail, hail. Who the gay face of Na-ture doth un - fold, Who the gay

hail, hail, hail. Who the gay face of Na-ture doth un - fold, Who the gay

*f*

. . . . . At whose bright pres-ence dark-ness flies a-

face of Na-ture doth un - fold, At whose bright pres-ence dark-ness flies a-

face of Na-ture doth un - fold, At whose bright pres-ence dark-ness flies a-

face of Na-ture doth un - fold, At whose bright pres-ence dark-ness flies a-

*p*

# HAIL, SMILING MORN—continued.

*pp* *cres.*

- way, Flies a - way, . . . flies a - way, *pp* *cres.* Dark - ness flies a -

- way, Flies a - way, *pp* *cres.* flies a - way, Dark - ness flies a -

- way, Flies a - way, *pp* *cres.* flies a - way, Dark - ness flies a -

- way, Flies a - way, flies a - way, Dark - ness flies a -

*pp* *cres.*

way, Dark - ness flies a - way, At whose bright pres-ence Dark-ness

way, Dark - ness flies a - way, At whose bright pres-ence Dark-ness

way, Dark - ness flies a - way, At whose bright pres-ence Dark-ness

way, Dark - ness flies a - way, At whose bright pres-ence Dark-ness

*sf* *sf*

*sf* *sf*

*sf* *sf*

*sf* *sf*

# HAIL, SMILING MORN—continued.

*p* *cres.*

flies . . . . . a - way, flies a - way, . . . . .

*p* flies . . . . . a - way, Dark-ness flies a - way, *cres.*

*p* flies . . . . . a - way, flies a - way, . . . . .

*p* flies . . . . . a - way, Dark-ness flies a - way, *cres.*

*p* *cres.*

*f*

Hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail.

*f* Dark-ness flies a - way ; Hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail.

Hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail.

Dark-ness flies a - way ; Hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail.

# THE WREATH.

(A PASTORAL GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.)

1ST VOICE.

Ye shep - herds, tell me, tell me have you

seen, have you seen My Flo - ra pass this

way? In shape and feature beau - ty's

*dolce.*

queen, In pas-to-ral, in pas-to - ral ar - ray.

# THE WREATH—continued.

**CHORUS.** *f* *dol.*

Shep-herds, tell me, tell me, tell me have you seen, have you

*f* *dol.*

Shep-herds, tell me, tell me, tell me have you seen, tell me, have you

*f* *dol.*

Shep-herds, tell me, tell me, tell me have you seen, have you

*fp* *dol.*

seen my Flo - ra pass this way? Have you seen,

seen my Flo - ra pass this way?

seen, have you seen my Flo - ra pass this way? Have you seen,

*p* *dim.* *dol.*



# THE WREATH—continued.

tell me, shep - herds, have you seen, tell me have you  
 shep - herds, tell me, have you seen, tell me have you  
 tell me, shep - herds, have you seen, tell me have you

*p* *fp*

*dol.* *Slow.*  
 seen my Flo - ra pass this way?  
*dol.* *Slow.*  
 seen my Flo - ra pass this way?  
*dol.* *Slow.*  
 seen my Flo - ra pass this way?

*dol.* *Lento. p*

# THE WREATH—continued.

2D VOICE.

*rall.*  
*dim.* *p*

A wreath a - round her head, a -

round her head she wore, — Car - na - tion, li - ly, li -

ly, rose, And in her hand a crook . . . she

*dol.*

*Repeat Chorus.*

bore, And sweets . . . her breath com - pose.

# THE WREATH—continued.

BASS VOICE.

The beau - teous, the beau - teous wreath that decks, that decks her head

Forms her de - scrip - tion, her de-scrip-tion true.

Hands li - ly white, Lips crim - son red, And

*dol.*

*Repeat Chorus.*

cheeks of ro - sy, ro - - sy hue.

# CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

(GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.)

*Andante.*

Faint-ly as tolls the evening chime, Our voic-es keep tune and our oars keep time, Our

voi - ces keep tune and our oars keep time; Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll

sing at St Ann's our part-ing hymn! Row, bro - thers, row, the stream runs fast, The

ra - pids are near and the day-light's past, The ra - pids are near and the day-light's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?  
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;  
But when the wind blows off the shore,  
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.  
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,  
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Ottawa tide! this trembling moon  
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.  
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayer,  
Grant us cool heavens and favoring air.  
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,  
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

# GLORIOUS APOLLO.

(GLEE FOR THREE VOICES—FIRST AND SECOND TREBLES AND BASS.)

1st time *f* 2d time *p*

The first system of musical notation consists of three staves (First Treble, Second Treble, and Bass) in the key of A major (three sharps). The time signature is 2/4, with a note indicating it can also be played in 1/2 or 4/8. The lyrics are: "Glori-ous A-pol-lo from on high be-held us Wan-d'ring to".

The second system of musical notation continues the melody across three staves. The lyrics are: "find a tem-ple for his praise; Sent Po-ly-hym-nia hi-ther to".

The third system of musical notation continues the melody across three staves. The lyrics are: "shield us, While we our-selves such a struc-ture might raise;".

The fourth system of musical notation concludes the piece across three staves. The lyrics are: "Thus then com-bin-ing, hands and hearts join-ing, Sing we in".

# GLORIOUS APOLLO—continued.

1st time. || 2d time. *p*

har - mo - ny A - pol - lo's praise, praise, A - pol - lo's praise, A -

*f*

pol - lo's praise, A - pol - lo's praise, A - pol - lo's praise.

Here ev'ry gen'rous sentiment awaking,  
 Music inspiring unity and joy ;  
 Each social pleasure giving and partaking,  
 Glee and good humor our hours employ ;  
 Thus then combining, hands and hearts joining,  
 Long may continue our unity and joy,  
 Our unity and joy, &c.

## MINNIE BELL.

*p* H. F. S.

Where the wil - low weep - eth, By a foun - tain lone,



# MINNIE BELL—continued.

*mf* *p*

Where the wil - low creep - eth, O'er a mess - y tomb,

*p*

With pale flowers a - bove her, In a qui - et dell,

*p* *pp slow.*

Far from those who love her, Slum - bers Min - nie - bell.

# COME, MAY!

(MADRIGAL FOR FOUR VOICES.)

Words by J. H. BAYLEY. Music by H. F. S.

Come, May! come, May! come, May! with thy cur - - - - - tle  
 Come, May! come, come, come, May! with thy cur - tle, thy cur - tle  
 Come, May! come, May! come, May! with thy cur - - - - - tle  
 Come, May! come, May! come, May! with thy cur - tle green, thy

green, Strew - - - ing with flow - - - ers the young year's  
 green, Strew-ing with flow - ers, strew-ing with flowers the young year's  
 green, Strew - - - ing with flow - - - ers the young year's  
 cur-tle green, Strew-ing with flow - ers, strew-ing with flowers the young year's

way; . . Long have we lan - guish'd our hom - age to  
 way; Long have we lan - guish'd our hom-age to pay, our  
 way; Long have we lan - guish'd our hom - age to  
 120 way; Long have we lan - guish'd our hom-age to pay, our

# COME, MAY!—continued.

*Fine.*

pay To the first of thy foot-steps, Bright, beau-ti-ful May!

hom-age to pay To the first of thy foot-steps, Bright, beau-ti-ful May!

pay To the first of thy foot-steps, Bright, beau - ti - ful May!

hom-age to pay To the first of thy foot-steps, Bright, beau-ti-ful May!

Detailed description: This system contains four staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in G major (one sharp) with lyrics 'pay To the first of thy foot-steps, Bright, beau-ti-ful May!'. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line with lyrics 'hom-age to pay To the first of thy foot-steps, Bright, beau-ti-ful May!'. The third staff is another vocal line with lyrics 'pay To the first of thy foot-steps, Bright, beau - ti - ful May!'. The fourth staff is a piano accompaniment line with lyrics 'hom-age to pay To the first of thy foot-steps, Bright, beau-ti-ful May!'. The system concludes with a 'Fine.' marking.

*Slower.*

But oh! leave be - hind The cold, cold wind, And the

Detailed description: This system contains four staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in B-flat major (two flats), marked 'Slower.' and 'p' (piano). The time signature is 2/4 or 1/2 or 4/8. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line with lyrics 'But oh! leave be - hind The cold, cold wind, And the'. The third staff is another vocal line with lyrics 'But oh! leave be - hind The cold, cold wind, And the'. The fourth staff is a piano accompaniment line with lyrics 'But oh! leave be - hind The cold, cold wind, And the'.

tears that the clouds have shed, . . . For 'tis time that the

Detailed description: This system contains three staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in B-flat major (two flats). The second staff is a piano accompaniment line with lyrics 'tears that the clouds have shed, . . . For 'tis time that the'. The third staff is another vocal line with lyrics 'tears that the clouds have shed, . . . For 'tis time that the'.

# COME, MAY!—continued.

*Da Capo.*

sheen Of thy blos - som was seen, And the bright blue sky o'er - head.

The cuckoo still drops  
From the tall tree tops,  
And over the hedge-row flits;  
But she utters no song  
As she flutters along,  
But in voiceless silence sits.  
Come, May! come, May! &c.

With ceaseless hum  
The bee doth come,  
Searching each harebell blue;  
And seems, as he flings  
The bright drops from his wings,  
To exult in the bright May dew.  
Come, May! come, May! &c.

## HARK! THE VESPER HYMN IS STEALING.

Ju-bi-la-te, Ju-bi-la-te, Ju-bi-la-te, A - men.

# HARK! THE VESPER HYMN IS STEALING--continued

SOLO.

Hark! the ves - per hymn is steal - ing O'er the wa - ters soft and clear;  
Now like moon - lit waves re - treat - ing, To the shore it dies a - long;

Near - er yet, and near - er peal - ing, Now it bursts up - on the ear.  
Now like an - gry sur - ges meet - ing, Breaks the ming - led tide of song.

CHORUS.

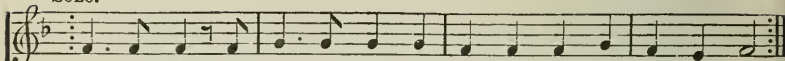
Ju - bi - la - te, A - men, A - men.

SOLO and CHORUS.

Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, A - men.

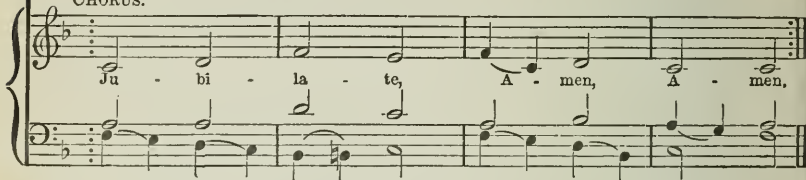
# HARK! THE VESPER HYMN IS STEALING—continued.

SOLO.



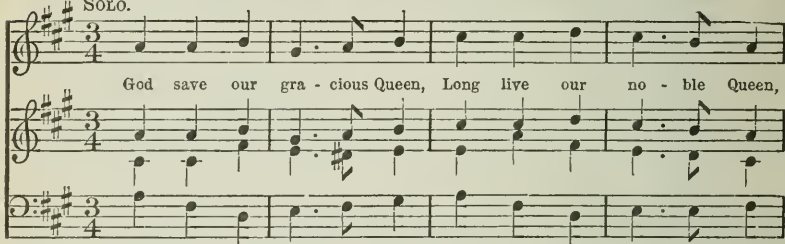
Far - ther now, now far - ther steal - ing, Soft it fades up - on the ear.  
Hush! a - gain, like waves re - treat - ing, To the shore it dies a - long.

CHORUS.

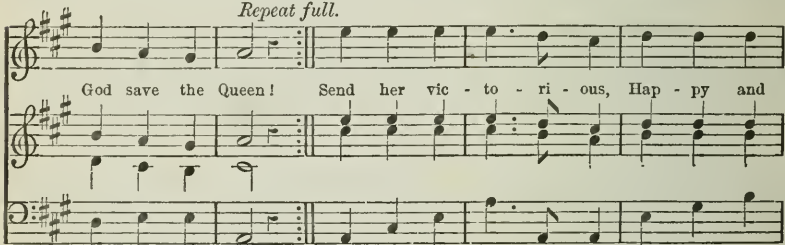


## NATIONAL ANTHEM—"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!"

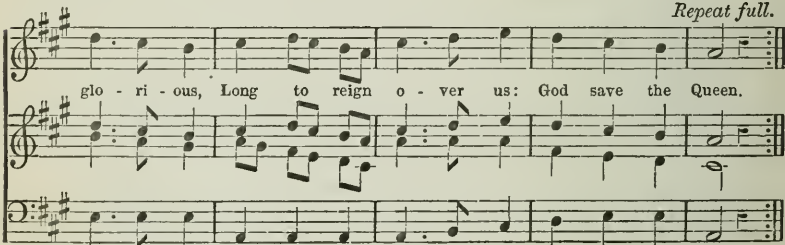
SOLO.



*Repeat full.*



*Repeat full.*





# NATIONAL ANTHEM—continued.

DUET.

O Lord our God, a - rise, Scat - ter her en - e - mies,

*Repeat full.*

And make them fall. Con - found their po - li - tics, Frus - trate their

*Repeat full.*

knav - ish tricks, On her our hopes we fix: God save the Queen!

TRIO.

Thy choic - est gifts in store, On her be pleased to pour:

*Repeat full.*

Long may she reign! May she de - fend our laws, And ev - er

# NATIONAL ANTHEM—continued.

*Repeat full*

give us cause, To sing with heart and voice, God save the Queen!

## NATIONAL SONG—"GOD BLESS THE PRINCE OF WALES!"

A-mong our an-cient moun-tains, and from our love-ly vales,

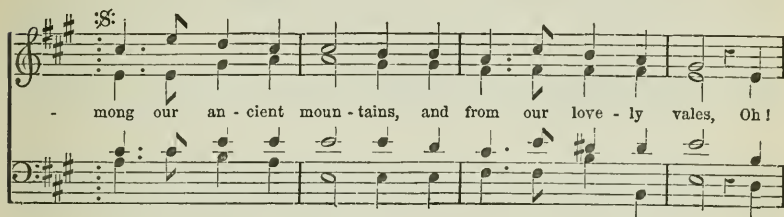
Cu! let the prayer re - e - cho, God bless the Prince of Wales! With

heart and voice a - wak - en those min - strel strains of yore, Till

# NATIONAL SONG—continued.



Bri - tain's name and glo - ry re - sound from shore to shore. A -



- mong our an - cient moun - tains, and from our love - ly vales, Oh!



let the prayer re - e - cho, God bless the Prince of Wales! *Chorus full.*  
*Dal Segno.*

Should hostile bands or danger e'er threaten our fair isle,  
May God's strong arm protect us, may Heaven still on us smile!  
Above the throne of England may fortune's star long shine,  
And round its sacred bulwark the olive branches twine!

CHORUS—Among our ancient mountains, &c.

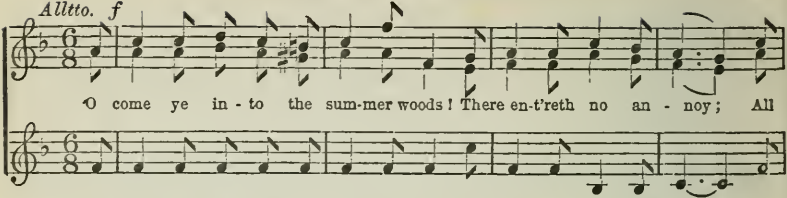
God save brave Christian's daughter, our noble Prince's bride;  
The Danish flag and England's henceforth float side by side.  
To her, that lovely Princess, we look with pride and joy;  
May sorrow never darken, nor fate our hopes destroy!

CHORUS—Then let the prayer re-echo among our hills and dales,  
God bless fair Alexandra, God bless the Prince of Wales!

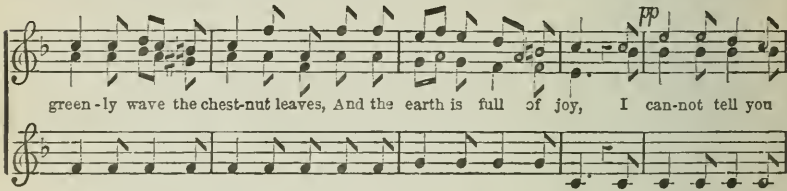
# SUMMER WOODS.

H. F. S.

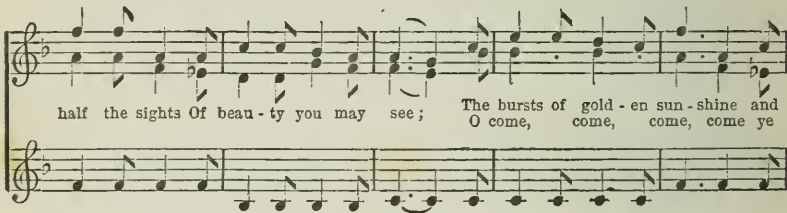
*Allto. f*



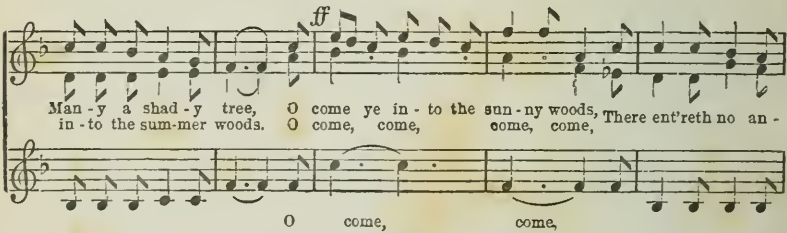
O come ye in - to the sum-mer woods! There en-t'reth no an - noy; All



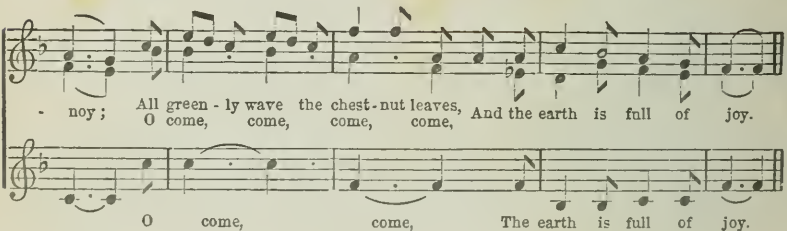
green-ly wave the chest-nut leaves, And the earth is full of joy, I can-not tell you



half the sights Of beau-ty you may see; The bursts of gold - en sun - shine and  
O come, come, come, come ye



Man - y a shad - y tree, O come ye in - to the sun - ny woods, There ent'reth no an -  
in - to the sum-mer woods. O come, come, come, come,  
O come, come,



- noy; All green - ly wave the chest-nut leaves, And the earth is full of joy.  
O come, come, come, come,  
O come, come, The earth is full of joy.

There, lightly swung in bow'ring glades,  
 The honeysuckles twine;  
 There grows the pink Sabbathæ,  
 And the scarlet Columbine;  
 There grows the purple Violet,  
 In some dusk woodland spot,  
 There grows the little Mayflower,  
 And the wood Forget-me-not.  
 O come ye into the summer woods, &c.  
 There come the little gentle Birds,  
 Without a fear of ill,  
 Down to the murm'ring water's edge,  
 And freely drink their fill;

And dash about, and splash about,  
 The merry little things!  
 And look askance with bright black eyes,  
 And flirt their drooping wings!  
 O come ye into the summer woods, &c.  
 The nodding plants, they bow'd their heads,  
 As if in heartsome cheer,  
 They spake unto those little things,  
 'Tis merry living here!  
 Oh! how my heart ran o'er with joy,  
 I saw that all was good,  
 And how we might glean up delight,  
 All round us if we would! [O come, &c.]

## SACRED.

### THEE, O JEHOVAH!

(DUET FOR TWO TREBLES.)

MARCELLO.

Thee, O Je - ho - vah, I set be - fore me.

Thee, O Je - ho - vah, I set be -

Thou art my help - er, Thou art my help - er,

fore me. Thou art my re - fuge,

# THEE, O JEHOVAH!—continued.

Thou art my re-fuge, and my sure de-fence. My heart ex-ult-eth,

Thou art my re-fuge, and my sure de-fence. my tongue re-

my tongue re-joice-eth, for in Thy pres-ence,

joice-eth, my tongue re-joice-eth, for in Thy pres-ence, for in Thy

for in Thy pres-ence is ful-ness, ful-ness of joy, and at Thy

pres-ence is ful-ness, ful-ness of joy, and at Thy



# THEE, O JEHOVAH!—continued.

right hand, and at Thy right hand, there are  
 right hand, and at Thy right hand, there are plea-sures,

This musical system consists of four staves. The top two staves are for vocal parts (Soprano and Alto), and the bottom two are for piano accompaniment (Right and Left Hand). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

plea-sures, there are plea-sures, are pleasures for e-ver-more.  
 there are plea-sures, are pleasures for e-ver-more.

This musical system continues the previous one, also consisting of four staves (two vocal, two piano). The lyrics continue below the vocal staves. The system concludes with double bar lines and repeat dots.

## THOU, O LORD, ART MY SHEPHERD.

(DUET FOR TWO TREBLES.)

MARCELLO.

Thou, O Lord, art my Shep-herd, There-fore shall I want

This musical system is for a duet for two trebles. It consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the two vocal parts, and the bottom two are for piano accompaniment. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#), and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

# THOU, O LORD, ART MY SHEPHERD—continued.

no - thing, There - fore shall I want no - thing, There - fore shall I . .

want no - thing. Un - to pas - tures green He lead - eth

me; He lead - eth me be - side the wa - - - ters of

# THOU, O LORD, ART MY SHEPHERD—continued.

com - fort. No e - vil will I fear, For Thou

No e - vil will I fear, For Thou . . .

art with . . . me, . . . No e - vil

art . . . with me, . . . No e - vil will I

will I fear, For Thou art . . . with me . . .

fear, For Thou art with me . . .

# SWISS MORNING HYMN.

*p*

Morn a - wakes in sil - ence; Still in the vault - ed

sky, Stars with fad - ing lus - tre Gems its can - o - py. Hail! then

*f*

Stars with fad - ing lus - tre

hail, fair morn - ing's gleam! Praise to Him who kind - leth

*p*

Ev - 'ry sun - ny beam, Swell your grate - ful voi - ces, Bend in

# SWISS MORNING HYMN—continued.

*ff* *dim.* *p*

a - dor - a - tion, Praise the Lord of light, Bend in a - dor -

*f*

a - tion. Praise the Lord of light, Lord of ev - 'ry land and na - tion;

*ff*

Throned in bound-less might, Throned in bound-less might, in bound - less might.

*ff*

bound - less, bound - less might.

# LIFT THINE EYES.

(TRIO FOR THREE SOPRANOS.)

MEYER.

*Andante.*

*sf*

*p*

2 or 4 or 8

Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the mountains, whence

Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the mountains, whence

Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes, to the mountains, whence

com - eth, whence com - eth, whence com - eth help.

com - eth, whence com - eth, whence com - eth help. Thy help com - eth,

com - eth, whence com - eth, whence com - eth help. Thy help

*cres.* *dim.*

Thy help com - eth from the Lord. the Mak - er of

com - eth from the Lord, . . . the Mak - er of

com - eth from the Lord, the Mak - er of

*cres.*

hea - ven and earth. He hath said, Thy foot shall not be

hea - ven and earth. He hath said, Thy foot shall not be

hea - ven and earth. He hath said, Thy foot shall not be



# LIFT THINE EYES—continued.

*pp* mov-ed, Thy keep-er will nev-er slum - ber, *cres.* nev-er, will nev-er  
*pp* mov-ed, Thy keep-er will nev-er slum - ber,  
*pp* mov-ed, Thy keep-er will nev-er slum - ber,  
*f* slum - ber, nev-er slum - ber. *dim.* Lift thine eyes, O  
*cres.* nev-er, will nev-er slum - ber. *dim.* Lift thine eyes, O  
*f* nev-er, will nev-er slum - ber, will nev-er slum - ber. *dim.* Lift thine eyes, O  
*sf cres.* lift thine eyes to the moun-tains, whence come-eth, whence com-eth, whence  
*sf* lift thine eyes to the moun-tains, whence com-eth, whence com-eth, whence  
*sf* lift thine eyes to the moun-tains, whence com-eth, whence  
*sf* com-eth help, whence com-eth, whence com-eth, whence com-eth help.  
*sf* com-eth help, whence com-eth, whence com-eth, whence com-eth help.  
*sf* com-eth help, whence com-eth, whence com-eth, whence com-eth help.

# CHORUS OF ANGELS.

(From the Oratorio of "Eli.")

COSTA.

No e - vil shall be - fall thee, Dear ob - ject of His choice; This

night our Lord will call thee, In a still, small voice, In a still, small

voice. Thy God saith, they that fear Him, Shall heart and soul re - joice; Then

sleep, to wake and hear Him In a still, small voice, Then sleep, then

# CHORUS OF ANGELS—continued.

sleep, to wake and hear Him, In a still, small voice, In a still, small voice, In a still, small voice, In a still, small voice.

## I WILL EXTOL THEE.

(SACRED ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.)

1 I will ex - tol Thee, my God, O  
 2 I will ex - tol Thee, my God, O  
 3 I will bless thy  
 King, and bless Thy name for ev - er and ev - er.  
 2 King, and bless Thy name for ev - er and ev - er.  
 3 name, will bless Thy name for ev - er and ev - er.  
 1

# HOW THEY SO SOFTLY REST.

*Slow and softly.*

*p* *f* NEEFE.

How they so soft - ly rest, All, all the hap - py dead, Who, brave - ly

The first system of musical notation is in G major (one flat) and 3/4 time. It consists of two staves. The upper staff begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The system concludes with a forte (*f*) dynamic and the word 'NEEFE.' written above the staff.

*p* *f*

striv - ing, Fought and won life's dread - ful bat - tle! How they so soft - ly rest,

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. It starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes a repeat sign. The system ends with a forte (*f*) dynamic.

*f*

Qui - et in qui - et graves, Ere to sal - va - tion They wak - en once a - gain.

The third system continues the piece, starting with a forte (*f*) dynamic. It features more complex rhythmic patterns, including triplets and sixteenth notes. The system concludes with a final chord.

Even Thou, our Saviour,  
Deep in the grave wast laid,  
Since Thou hadst suffer'd  
On the cross for lost mankind.  
Not to corruption  
Didst thou sink, O Saviour!  
No! Lord! in glory  
Thou risest once again!

When we lie sleeping,  
Calm as these happy ones,—  
When we, like them, have fought  
Life's fearful, dreadful battle!  
Then, bless'd Redeemer,  
Then wilt Thou call us  
Forth from our graves,  
Unto eternal life.

# SONG OF PRAISE.

FRANZ ABT.

*f* Praise the Lord! His love is end-less, *p* He His own will ne'er for -

- sake, But the wea - ry, sad, and friend-less, Will He to His bo - som  
sake, But the wea - - ry, sad, and

*f* take. Praise the Lord! His love is ten - der; Af - ter tem - pest's stor - my

*p* might, Green - er glows the sum - mer's splen - dor, Bright - er shines the rain - bow's  
*p*

*f* light; Green - er glows the sum - mer's splen - dor, Bright - er shines the rain - bow's light. *p*

# MY GOD, LOOK UPON ME.

(ANTHEM FOR FOUR VOICES.)

JOHN REYNOLDS.

*Moderato. mf*

My God, my God, look up - on me, look up - on me,

My God, my God, look up - on me, look up - on me,

why hast Thou for - sa-ken me, why hast Thou for - sa-ken me, and art so

why hast Thou for - sa-ken me, why hast Thou for - sa-ken me, and art so



# MY GOD, LOOK UPON ME—continued.

far from my health, and from the words of

far from my health, and from the words of my . . . com-

far from my health, and from the

far from my health, and from the words of my com-

my complaint, the words of my com-plaint, and from the

-plaint, the words of my com-plaint, and from the words of

words of my complaint, the words of my com-plaint,

-plaint, the words of my com-plaint, and from the words of

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# MY GOD, LOOK UPON ME—continued.

words of my com-plaint, the words of my com - plaint?

my com - plaint, the words of my com - plaint?

and from the words of my com-plaint, the words of my com - plaint?

my complaint, the words of my com-plaint, of my com - plaint?

## VERSE. TWO TREBLES.

*Andante.*

O my God, I cry in the day - time, but

*Andante.*

*Soft.*

# MY GOD, LOOK UPON ME—continued.

Thou hear - est not,

O my God, I cry in the day-time, but

but thou hear - est, not, but thou hear - est

thou hear - est not, but thou hear - est not, but thou hear - est

not; and in the night - sea - son, al - so, I take no

not; and in the night - sea - son, al - so, I take no

The musical score is written for four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal line, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal staves. The music features a mix of whole, half, and quarter notes, with some rests. The piano part consists of chords and single notes, providing harmonic support for the vocal line.

# MY GOD, LOOK UPON ME—continued.

First system of musical notation. It consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one sharp) with a treble clef. It contains the lyrics: "rest, no rest, I take no rest, al - so I". The second staff is another vocal line in G major with a treble clef, containing the lyrics: "rest; I take no rest, no rest, al - so I". The third staff is a piano accompaniment in G major with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

Second system of musical notation. It continues the three-staff format. The top vocal staff has the lyrics: "take, I take no rest, I take no rest,". The middle vocal staff has the lyrics: "take, I take no rest, no rest, I". The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns, maintaining the harmonic support for the vocal lines.

Third system of musical notation. The top vocal staff begins with the lyrics "no rest, al - so I" and then has a measure with a fermata and the dynamic marking *pp tr* (pianissimo with trill). The middle vocal staff has the lyrics "take no rest, al - so I take, I take no rest." and also includes a *pp tr* marking. The piano accompaniment concludes the system with a final chord and a fermata over the last measure.

# MY GOD, LOOK UPON ME—continued.

CHORUS, 2d time *p*

But Thou con - tin - u - est ho - ly, O Thou wor - ship of Is - ra -

Pedals 8ves.

el, Thou con - tin - u - est ho - ly, O Thou wor - ship of

8ves.

# MY GOD, LOOK UPON ME—continued.

*Repeat p*

Is - ra - el, O Thou wor - ship of Is - ra - el.

Is - ra - el, O Thou wor - ship of Is - ra - el.

The musical score consists of two systems. The first system has three vocal staves (Soprano, Alto, Tenor) and a piano accompaniment. The second system has two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are 'Is - ra - el, O Thou wor - ship of Is - ra - el.' and 'Is - ra - el, O Thou wor - ship of Is - ra - el.' The piano part features a simple harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines in both hands.

## LORD, FOR THY TENDER MERCIES' SAKE.

(ANTHEM FOR FOUR VOICES.)

*mf Slow.*

Lord, for Thy ten - der mer - cies' sake, lay

Lord, for Thy ten - der mer - cies' sake, lay

Lord, for Thy ten - der mer - cies' sake, lay

Lord, for Thy ten - der mer - cies' sake, lay

The musical score is for an anthem for four voices (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It is marked 'mf Slow.' The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature is 4/4 or 2/2, with a common time signature 'C' also present. The lyrics are 'Lord, for Thy ten - der mer - cies' sake, lay' repeated four times. The piano part provides a harmonic foundation with chords and moving lines in both hands.



# LORD, FOR THY TENDER MERCIES' SAKE—continued.

not our sins to our charge, but for - give that is past, and

not our sins to our

not our sins to our charge, but for - give that is past, and

give us grace to a - mend our sin - ful lives, to de - cline from sin

give us grace to a - mend our sin - ful lives, to de - cline from sin

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor). The tempo and meter are not explicitly stated. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves. The piano accompaniment is written in grand staff notation (treble and bass clefs).

# LORD, FOR THY TENDER MERCIES' SAKE—continued.

and in - cline to vir - tue, . . .

and in - cline to vir - tue, that

and in - cline to vir - tue, that we may walk with a

and in - cline to vir - tue, that we may walk with a

that we may walk with a per - fect heart, . . . that

we may walk with a per - fect heart, that

per - fect heart, a per - fect heart, that we may walk with a

per - fect heart, with a per - fect heart, that we may walk with a

# LORD, FOR THY TENDER MERCIES' SAKE—continued.

The musical score is written for a four-part vocal choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The score is divided into two systems. The first system contains four vocal staves and two piano staves. The lyrics are: "we may walk with a per - fect heart be - fore Thee now and we may walk with a per - fect heart be - fore Thee now and per - fect heart, with a per - fect heart be - fore Thee now and per - fect heart, with a per - fect heart be - fore Thee now and". The piano part consists of a right hand and a left hand. The second system contains four vocal staves and two piano staves. The lyrics are: "e - ver - more, that we may e - ver - more, that we may walk with a e - ver - more, that we may walk with a per - fect heart, a e - ver - more, that we may walk with a per - fect heart, with a". The piano part continues with the same accompaniment. The score includes dynamic markings: *p* (piano) and *f* (forte). The page number 151 is at the bottom right.

we may walk with a per - fect heart be - fore Thee now and  
 we may walk with a per - fect heart be - fore Thee now and  
 per - fect heart, with a per - fect heart be - fore Thee now and  
 per - fect heart, with a per - fect heart be - fore Thee now and  
 e - ver - more, that we may  
 e - ver - more, that we may walk with a  
 e - ver - more, that we may walk with a per - fect heart, a  
 e - ver - more, that we may walk with a per - fect heart, with a

# LORD, FOR THY TENDER MERCIES' SAKE—continued.

walk with a per - fect heart, . . . that we may walk with a  
 per - fect heart, that we may walk with a  
 per - fect heart, that we may walk with a per - fect heart, with a  
 per - fect heart, that we may walk with a per - fect heart, with a

*p* *dim.* de - cres - cen - do.  
 per - fect heart be - fore Thee now and e - ver - more.

*p* *dim.* de - cres - cen - do.  
 per - fect heart be - fore Thee now and e - ver - more.

*p* *dim.* de - cres - cen - do.

2  
1  
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